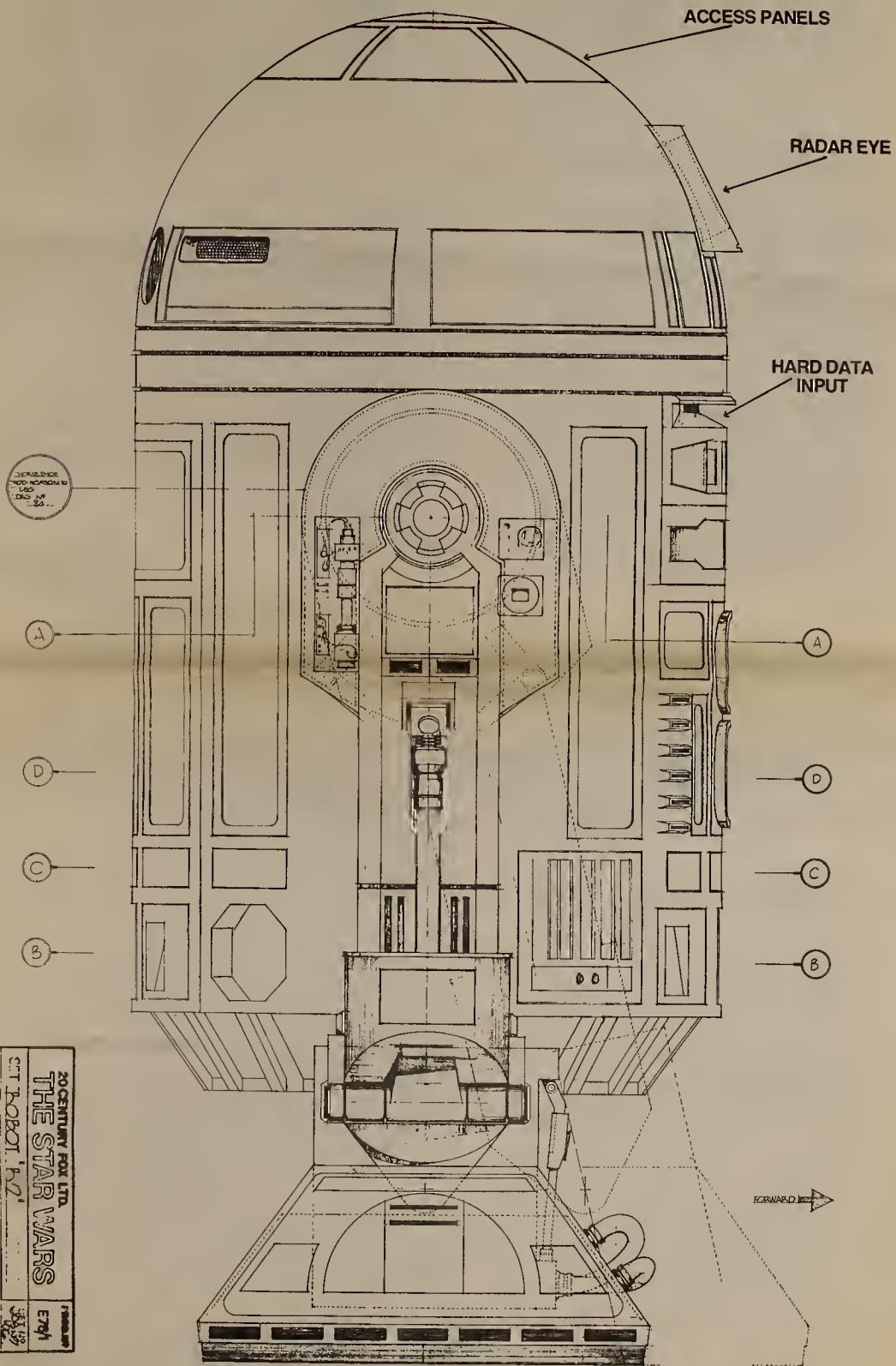


THE INNIS HERALD



STARBOARD ELEVATION BOB1 '62

1 R2-D2/SIDE ELEVATION



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., MSS 1U5.



"The power of the oral tradition was reflected in political as in artistic developments. The city-state and religion became a unity." — Harold Adams Innis

"NRRAAAAHRRRGHH!!?!" — Chewbacca

INNIS COLLEGE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Constipation Relieved

It all seems a bit unreal. An actual *Herald* in the stands again after so many months of interminable delays. It's like the improbable ending of an absurd, muddled dream — although the worthiness of this issue of lining anyone's birdcage is a little doubtful. Nonetheless, here it is, eons late, well into second term. So, on with the penitence:

To the students of Innis a thousand pardons for the lengthy absence of this medium of speech for the college. Hopefully our return from seclusion will encourage you to exercise a recovered faculty of expression. As an opportunist: contribute anything, make suggestions; join the staff — before it's too late again... No, really, we're okay now. (Honest...)

To long lost fans (out there somewhere), come back to the familiar pages of the old country, to the sounds and sights of that hospitable mix of perpetual whining and nice layout. To the ICSS, extra large thanks for the patience and tolerance for our (my) extended spell of unfinishability. Apologies for any frustrations and abuses sent that way.

Finally, to Phil Howard and Scott Stanich, whose submissions were excluded for outdatedness, and to John Anderson, who got tired of waiting and with some friends took matters into his own hands (i.e. *The Lone Amigo*), a fistful of sorry's. We promise to be better this year, so give us one more try: you'll like it — really.

And now for some belated resolutions and a few requests.

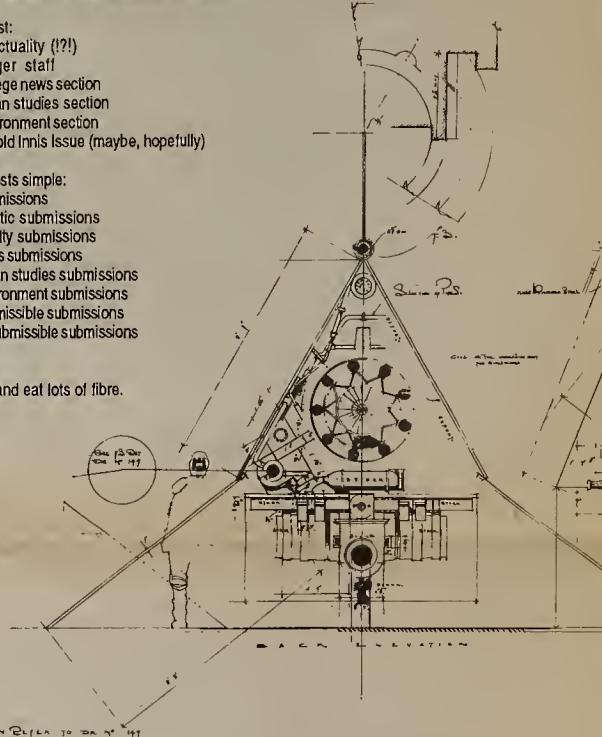
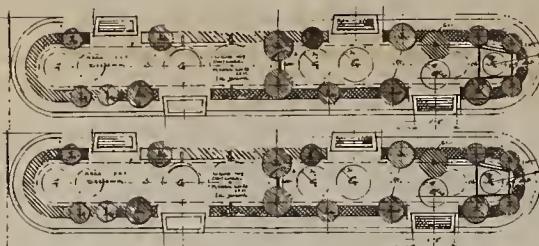
The resolutions first:

punctuality (!?!)
bigger staff
college news section
urban studies section
environment section
Harold Innis Issue (maybe, hopefully)

I will keep my requests simple:

submissions
artistic submissions
faculty submissions
news submissions
urban studies submissions
environment submissions
submissible submissions
unsubmissible submissions

Happy New Year, and eat lots of fibre.



The Innis Herald

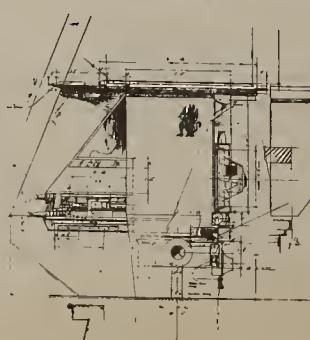
The preference of discriminating wookies.

Volume 27 Issue 1, January 1993

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Adrian Willsher



Letters

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of sexist, racist, agist, homophbic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody.

To the editors:

Innis Herald... Harold Innis...
I GET IT. HA HA.

—A third year student who FINALLY CLUED IN.

Dearest Leonard

A perfect night — slept from 11:30 to 7:30 without waking. Very fine morning — good breakfast, no headache — am just going to begin writing.

Love from all animals. Could you possibly get me 2 packets of cigarettes?

Shall come back tomorrow for certain.

Virginia

To whom it may concern,

Just sixteen, pickup truck, out of money, out of luck, got nowhere to call my own, hit the gas and here I go, [I'm runnin' free, ya, I'm runnin' tree, I'm runnin' free, ya, I'm runnin', runnin' free], spent the night in an LA jail, listened to the sirens wail, but they ain't got a thing on me, runnin' wild, runnin' free, [chorus], pulled her at the bottle top, whiskey dancin' disco hop, how all the boys are after me, that's the way it's gotta be, [chorus]...

Sincerely,
Alexandre Kojeve

Frosh Delusions and Local Conspiracies

Frosh week broke the last bitter hopes I had of holding on to the summer. Another year of university loomed in the distance only days away. Way back when I was a young pup-Froshie those last days of summer were a time of great anticipation. My dreams of academic potential and wild buck-naked parties were soon to reach fruition. What came about was not the intellectual or spiritual growth I had eagerly anticipated. Instead I came to the realisation that University was not much different than high school. In a system that is based on marks, creativity gets lost in the pursuit of providing the Professor with what they want. Disillusioned, I lost interest in school and attended classes less and less. By March I was done working for the 'system'. I would write my essays at the last minute, haphazardly handing in work to a professor that I labeled the stodge of the system.

With nothing but utter contempt for the school and the lackys who were responsible for marking my work I got back the shit that I had handed in. To my utter horror, I got B's and B+'s. The system had rewarded me for doing a bad job. In the beginning of the year I had spent three weeks carefully working on a piece of work that when finished, I considered art. Only to get it back covered in red scribbles with a large D scrawled on the front. The professor might as well have written Fuck Off on my essay.

While this all might sound like sour grapes, it is just my way of saying that I was and for the most part still am, confused. I thought University would be a time of growth and learning. But instead I feel that I'm in grade fifteen at one of the World's largest high schools. Everyone who is not currently attending University, tell me to become more involved in my courses, 'get into it'.

I'm not the Frosh that I once was. What I know now cannot be forgotten. I am not capable of applying myself to a system in which my aim is to please everyone but myself. Instead of learning new information, I am supposed to learn what the Prof wants, and the best way to give it to them.

To all the frosh out there I have only one piece of advice, Get Out! Just kidding, I think.

Being in an editorial position is a double-edged sword. On one side I have the power to sway the mindless masses with my every word. But as Peter Parker learned from Uncle Ben, "With great power comes great responsibility." So I must weigh every word that I use in order to avoid doing damage to my readership's collective psyche. If this were not burden enough I also have the tumultuous burden of covering one the most controversial colleges on campus. At the heart of Innis lies a strange sickly perversion of greed and horror. Sure, on first appearance everything seems "normal", but don't let that fool you.

...This is the first instalment in a series of articles I hope to write that will expose Innis for the sham that it is (I write in the hope that this will see the light of day, because who knows what The Kabbalah at the top of Innis circle will do when they find this article.)

PART ONE—"The ICSS"

Through an endless amount of research I've finally managed to break the code behind this complex riddle of an acronym: "The Innis Conspiracy of Socialist Students." Although at first I was a little hesitant to go public with the information that I had compiled (I was hoping to hold out for a hefty multi-book deal.) I soon realised that the truth must be told. Yes that's right, Now It Can Be Told. I'm sure you'll agree with me that we don't want any fucking commie, pinko, bastards running our college. Like any good reporter would do, I've compiled a list of names of those involved in this little 'club'.

Read these names carefully, if you know any of them, be careful: Angela Dorris, Manavi Handa (careful study has shown that this little rat has infiltrated the prestigious offices of the Varsity, have you no shame!), Philip Howard, Andy Ling (an especially devious conspirator, don't let that cute 'little' guy act fool you.), Martin Loeffler, Chris McEnroe (no relation, thank God.), Aaron Magney, Minesh Mandoda (camptown lady sing this song DO-DA DO-DA, heh heh), George Ojambu, Eugene Roberts (Eugene, you've changed, man.), Erica Savage, Niki Smith and a certain NATASHA Thorpe.

Hey all you commies out there we're on to you, watch it.

-To Be Continued. *

John Slonim

Enough to Make You Sick

These are weird, wacky times we live in. And as much as I'd like to once again reflect on my own neuroses, sleeping habits and gastrointestinal disorders in this, my guest editorial, I think the time has come to say something deep. Or maybe something wide, or even long. Whatever the case may be, I want to pause now and take a look at the big picture, take inventory and most importantly, make some sweeping generalizations.

As my reign of terror as editor of the *Herald* came to a melancholy close I found myself a-wondering what exactly, if anything, I accomplished here. I never really had any lofty objectives for last year's *Herald*. I didn't think of myself as a Clark Kent-style champion of truth and justice for all. I kinda thought I shouldn't get involved in that stuff: I wasn't oppressed – why worry? But I'd like to pass on one morsel of wisdom to Young-Ha, this year's editor of the *Herald*. I have come to believe that the instant you publish anything – entertainment or political treatise – involvement is inevitable, so be wary. A person must be accountable for the things she writes. Or, as in my case, didn't write.

When I sat down to whip off some incredibly humorous witticisms about me, me, me and my lovely little life, I was also not writing about larger political issues. Sometimes I thought I was just not political, or that there were enough other campus newspapers hot on the trail of the day's fresh new social injustice. Sometimes I thought I didn't have the right to deal with issues that I wasn't involved in, or I didn't know enough about. Sometimes I wondered if Jason is really cuter than Luke, or if he just has better hair.

One thing is for sure. I learned a lot last year. I came to realize that a B minus wasn't bad, it just wasn't good; that we're here for a long time, not for a good time; and most importantly, I learned that if you want to go far in life nothing is more crucial to success than a good pair of knee pads. (Take that how you will.)

But when you get right down to it, so to speak, the most important morsel of knowledge I walked away with from this whole newspaper business was this: the truth is remarkably hard to come by, and rarely to be found on primetime news.

Here's the point. I tried to watch the media last year, with a critical eye and a discerning ear. The result? A throbbing migraine that lead to acute and chronic nausea.

Nausea can be aggravated by many things: a rocky boat, over-consumption of alcohol, and the ingestion of bullshit, to name a few. (I did say I wasn't going to talk about my stomach problems - and

yet look at me. I am clearly not to be trusted.) As to the cause of my affliction I identified the culprit as the big chunks of bullshit in all the coverage of the events in L.A. I attempted to digest over the past year.

If you had thought the previous year's *superfantabulistic miniseries/guns 'n' tanks o' plenty* right in the comfort of your own living room/Geraldrama/monster-truck madness-of-a-Gulf War was hard to swallow... wait till you got a load of the hottest live entertainment for 1992! It was mayhem and madness! Riotin' and lootin' in your own neighbourhood! Good guys and bad guys do battle on the streets of L.A.!

And then, coming to your local cable network, in vivid black and white, Toronto's own chaos, live on CityTV. Everywhere.

Yeah right. As if. When.

Say, just say, for example – not as if this could have really happened or anything – we had a world wide lethal disease that affected everyone. Let's call it AIDS, just for argument's sake. And say, just say, that the media chose to treat the issue irresponsibly. And all they were interested in was finding who had it and who didn't. Who spread it and why. Who was gay and who wasn't. The victims and the perpetrators. The good guys and the bad guys.

And say, just say, all that the media was interested in was identifying the symptoms of the disease: how you could tell if someone had it, how you could stay safe, who to avoid. The horrible, ugly, physical manifestations. Wouldn't that have led to misinformation and fear? Wouldn't that have led to an epidemic?

Hmm. Smells familiar.

In fact, this 'hypothetical' situation has a rank odour that brings to mind the recent media injustices. Look! Blacks are stealing stuff and burning down their own neighbourhoods! Cut to shot of Korean store owner. Cut to shot of young black man setting fire to car. Cut to woman with child stealing vegetables from local supermarket.

Woman with child stealing vegetables? Hang on a second here. Who was she? Victim or criminal? Gay or heterosexual? Black or white?

These were merely the physical manifestations of racism – enough to make you sick, but identifying them did not help in finding a cure. Journalists should regard their jobs with the same degree of accountability as doctors. Treating the symptoms of a disease as deep rooted as racism is negligent. *

Nancy Friedland

Editorials

Beyond Smart and Stupid

A boy's parting thoughts on five years spent at the University of Toronto

by Timothy Long (April 1992)

1.

When I was seventeen years old, I received a brochure from a small liberal arts college in Vermont. It read, in part, as follows:

"A liberal arts degree from our college will prepare you for almost any job. And it will do something more: it will provide you with a lifetime guarantee against boredom."

A lifetime guarantee against boredom: imagine that. I eventually decided not to attend the college, deeming it too expensive. But sometimes these days, when it snows and I'm alone, I ask myself: would \$80,000 (four years' tuition) have been too much to pay for a lifetime guarantee against boredom? Was it somehow an inherently better idea to come to U of T, and pay \$10,000 for a lifetime guarantee against enthusiasm?

I was an affable, engaging seventeen year-old, but sometimes I think that a couple of rapid blows to the head would have done me a world of good.

2.

Before I came to university, I assumed that the smartest people here would spend most of their time sitting around discussing books and such. You can imagine my relief when it turned out that the smartest people here discussed nothing but television.

Oh, sure, you can occasionally find people in Hart House or Roberts Library discussing literary theory or quantum mechanics. But there's something faintly musty and half-hearted about them, something apologetic: it's as if they're telling the world, okay, I'm being boring and irrelevant right now, but I'm just having a bad day. Tomorrow, I will be more vigorous. Tomorrow I will discuss Who's the Boss.

3.

My parents never went to university, and are thus possessed of all sorts of maniacal notions about the way things work here. To wit: my parents believe I attend classes forty hours a week. Nothing would shock my parents more than to learn that I didn't attend a single class after spring break. So if you see them (they're a Caucasian couple in their early fifties), don't tell them, 'kay?

4.

There was a time when the smartest undergraduates went into graduate school, and eventually into academia. You may have heard of this time: it is commonly known as "the middle ages". These days, the brightest graduates in the humanities are dropping out after two or three years and heading to Hollywood to write sitcoms. All of which is by way of saying that the next time a professor gives you a bad mark, or takes issue with a point you've raised, you are perfectly justified in asking him or her: if you're so smart, why aren't you writing for *Growing Pains*?

5.

In some societies, a boy's transition to manhood occurs when he first ritually slays an elk. In other societies, this transition occurs when a boy participates in his first drive-by shooting.

At U of T, the crucial rite of passage arrives more stealthily. A boy wakes up one morning and says: you know, I don't have to attend any of these crummy classes if I don't wanna. And do you know what? I don't wanna.

Cultural sensitivity prevents me from judging the relative worth of these rituals.

6.

Here's one question that's vexed me ever since I've been here: Is this school really as terrible as I think it is? When I'm feeling depressed, I say: yes, it is. When I'm feeling content, I say: yes, it is, but at least I've still got my health.

7.

A man and a woman are one.

A man and a woman and 50,000 TV-addled zombies are one.

8.

Things weren't always so bad here. In the early sixties or so, every single department at this university was chock-a-block with ambitious, brilliant young professors, eager to change the world. Over the years, however, they all either moved to other schools or succumbed to boredom, frustration, or the demands of domestic life.

9.

In 1964, the most brilliant young professor in the English faculty was a recent Princeton graduate who taught a graduate seminar on Charlotte Bronte. One day late in the school year, his brightest student approached him after class and asked with great concern why the class had not yet discussed *Wuthering Heights*.

Some say that when the professor heard that question, something inside of him died. After calmly informing the student that *Wuthering Heights* was written by Emily Bronte, and not Charlotte, he quietly walked out of the front doors of the English department and quite simply never came back. A few years later a rumour began circulating in the department that the professor was now in California, working in experimental film.

That young professor's name was Laurence Tero — better known to millions of fans as Mr. T, star of such avant-garde classics as *Rocky III* and *The A Team*.

10.

The point of elementary school is to teach you that you can't sing. The point of high school is to teach you that you can't play sports. The point of university is to teach you that you can't think, and that even if you could, you probably wouldn't want to.

11.

You can always tell university students by their insistence on uttering such life-denying statements as:

I watch TV, but just to gain insights into popular culture.
I think Yeats was actually a pretty good playwright.
I hope to go to Oxford.

The appeal of that subject is not immediately apparent.
Listen, I don't think matters are working out between us.

12.

You can always tell people who have never attended university by their ability to utter such life-affirming statements as:

I watch TV, just for fun.
I think James Garner is actually a pretty good actor.
I hope to go to Disney World.
I don't care about that.

Screw off.

13.

I started laughing during my first lecture of first year, and didn't really stop until about a year ago. I found it unspeakably amusing how obtuse my professors were, how lazy my fellow students were, and how lightly everyone seemed to be treating this entire business of academic instruction. I had grown up thinking of post-secondary education as some sort of religious indoctrination, one which was best pursued with a grim countenance and a shirt done right up to the collar. For years, the contrast between this preconception and the atmosphere of cheerful idiocy I encountered at U of T struck me as endlessly hilarious.

And then it didn't.

14.

I must admit that part of the reason I was laughing so much was all the drugs I was taking. As everyone knows, a student at U of T can, over the course of an undergraduate career, ingest a veritable pharmacopia if so desired. I so desired. For the record: I have done grass, I have done mushrooms, I haven't done acid. I have done Aqua Velva. I have done Liquid Paper. I haven't done Lemon Pledge. I haven't done Turtle Wax. I have done Coke and Aspirin. I haven't done Mr. Clean, though I've always wanted to.

15.

I'm twenty-two years old, for Christ's sakes. I've been in university for five years. Five years at the finest university in Canada, the home of Northrop Frye, John Polanyi, and Marshall McLuhan, and I still haven't learned how to end any piece of writing without resorting to the worst kind of pseudo-existentialist pretension. Maybe I could learn something, maybe I could gain some skills, if it weren't for the boredom.

16.

The boredom.

17.

Boredom.

18.

Death. *

Lament for a Square Meal

by Adrian Willsher

One of the problems I've always thought that student governments have had around U of T is that they're generally insular groups, passing irrelevant resolutions about tuition policies and funding cutbacks, and mistakenly believing – despite the fact that only ten percent of students actually vote in their elections – that they represent anyone. Campus newspapers are guilty of the same sort of problem: only a few students read them, but each paper thinks it's serving some grand journalistic purpose; the *Varsity* actually considers itself the unofficial school of journalism on campus.

I once had in my hands current editor Naomi Klein's multi-page platform from her campaign for the job. At the time it seemed to be good starting point for an article like this one, but then I realized that Klein's platform was mostly about stuff such as internal production procedures and recruiting new staff; there didn't seem to be much about her vision of the content of the paper.

Too many *Varsity* news articles seem to be constructed around the opinions of a few people. This is a real problem with this year's features articles. The recent series on the corporatization of Canadian universities was typical: the pattern was the same throughout: include about five quotes from a couple of authorities who support you, find one from a dissenting source, and repeat the procedure for as many words as you need.

By the way, there was once a time when the *Varsity* reviewed such books as George Grant's *Technology and Empire*, and, moreover, when such reviews were actually quoted on the back covers of those books. Imagine – our own *Varsity*. Those were the days.

Anyway, what really interests me these days is the question of a liberal education. I'm not going to invoke the ghost of Allan Bloom and discuss the 'canon' of classical thought, or even worry about government underfunding. But it seems to me that students'

academic specialization is a problem of some importance. I know some students, – intelligent people studying humanities – who had no idea, for example, who George Grant was, let alone what he wrote. And there are obviously quite a few students in various fields who would have no idea what a differential equation looks like. So I believe that the *Varsity*'s recent spate of features about the corporatization of our schools is irrelevant. The ostensibly most prestigious university in this country is producing a pack of technocrats, with little sense of the knowledge outside their own fields. Businesses have no need to impose their agendas on students: we seem to be doing it ourselves quite well.

I'm surprised that issues like these usually seem to be written about by conservatives only. Leftist critics don't appear to want to consider the question of what students should be reading and studying. They're too busy, perhaps, with the drive towards democratization and equality within schools. That leftists demand the advent of universities more 'representative' of the societies they exist in (this usually articulated to entail changes in hiring policies) might mean that academic specialisation will continue, since it is the nature of any liberal capitalist economy to encourage such specialisation of labour.

In the end, of course, no minor change of policy will amount to much. The problem of education and knowledge cannot be solved by any modification of degree requirements such as forcing students to take more breadth courses. So I sit at my desk, trying to finish this article and wondering what solutions I can suggest. Perhaps all that individual students can do is try to read more, and talk to students outside their department, looking to find some common intellectual ground. •

Music, the Mirror of the Soul (Esp. on CD)

by David Sionim

Music. It's so damn amazing it deserves to be in its own sentence. It's the brit that pulls in the images swimming around ambiguously in memory. Paragraphs in our personal histories made clear by the varied combination of eighth notes wafting in the background. My first kiss, family trips, first love, big heartaches, all brought to life with music. But not only does it bring back darling moments, it helps shape and define the various stages of life. No one really remembers what they looked like at 10 but we can all list the sounds that were around at the time. These tunes, act as landmarks... "Yeah, that song was playing on the radio around the time I did this, when I hung around with these guys, when I thought about her..."

OK, but there's more. Music isn't just a product of the past; songs don't have to be woven into the fabric of yesteryear to be enjoyed in the present. There is a sky full of musical stars to be explored. Music, that has no link to the past, that's waiting to be danced to, to cry to, to fuck to, to get stoned to. Anyway I thought I'd share some of my tastes with you. I mean, I do own quite a few CDs...

Isn't it nuts about CD's? Five years ago, stores used to receive CD's and put them in special spots. Locations where the customer, who most often didn't have a player or simply couldn't afford the little silver disk, could walk by in awe. Little kids, holding tightly to their mothers hands, would shuffle by the display and swear off Smurfs and pre-sweetened cereal. Men of the cloth, who had dedicated existence to god, took one look at the reflecting orbs and stripped themselves of all the Church's beliefs (and in the case of two fathers in Cheektawaga, their clothes as well.) Yes this was the CD revolution, in mere months, records would be relegated to cobwebbed corners, shivering, unbought, under handprinted "99 cents and up" signs.

The first CD I bought was *Revolver* by the Beatles. It was love at first sight. I mean, "Eleanor Rigby's" beautiful violins jumping at you. Individual instruments and electronic effects once lost in the muddle formel in the grooves of a record, now clear, audible. Oh, even now it gets me hot. Not only that, but the CD has many uses that no record, tape, or even 8-track could replicate.

Suppose you were on some ship going for a cruise, when suddenly you were flung out into the water, with only a CD (no case) in your hand. Well, having reached some deserted island, you'd look down at your pruned fingers and massage the piece of caif left over after the shark attack. But what you're really wondering is "with all the salt in the water, swimming through the oil spill, not to mention the extreme heat, did my face break out?" Well fear no more. You see, the CD can also be used as a mirror... what do you mean you dropped the CD (no case) when the octopus dragged you under?

Ok, let's talk about music. (please).

All in all it's a stable universe. Things have evolved and we no longer question their maliability. I mean, as much as I prescribe "thinking for yourself" and coming to your own conclusions, I must admit that in the end we spend most of our moments blindly following the routines and conventions shaped and defined by all that live with us, as well as the generations that dwelled before.

OK what the fuck does that have to do with music?

Well it's got everything to do with music.

Who the fuck am I to tell you about music?

What makes the experts such experts?

Sure I could tell you to go buy everything Lennon ever breathed on. I could nominate Neil Young, Paul Simon, Robert Johnson, Richards, Jimi and Brian Wilson in some demi-god rockers hall of fame. I could ramble on about the genius of Velvet Underground, Led Zeppelin, the Clash, the Who (alright, I got my plugs in)...

Look, the whole world's already telling us how to dress, when to think, what to smoke, don't let them also control your listening habits. Flip around the radio scour over your friends' and parents' music collections, hell check out Erica and Ziggy on Muchmusic, and then make your own choice.

They're your ears, and you should be allowed to put anything you want in them (although marbles tend to get stuck). So go get your Bee Gee's fix, brown bag it, slink into your own private space, and have a good time. Just remember to buy a CD, cause you never know when you'll be on some ship going on a cruise. •

Her View: The Cologne Makes The Man

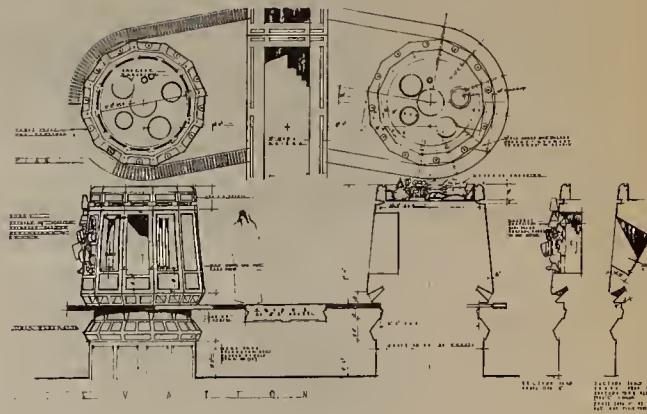
by Jayne Smart

The cologne a man uses adds something special to his overall presentation. Different colognes are associated with various media images. Different scents draw a woman's attention to a man. Living in the Nineties, more thought is given towards scent. We are the generation that has been raised on smelly stickers (do you remember?). Scent is our obsession, which is why stores such as The Body Shop and The Soapberry Shop are so successful. (Let us not forget Crabtree and Evelyn.)

Particularly fascinating scents for men are: *Eternity for Men* (which evokes the image of a commitment man), *Alfred Sung* (it just smells good, and reveals a man who has goals and will stop at nothing to attain them), and *Polo by Ralph Lauren* (at one time this was immensely popular, and still alludes to the image of an athletic man who wants to be the best). There are numerous other scents, but it would take too long to name them all.

The main point is that cologne, no matter what kind it is (unless it is the cheesy *Aqua Velva* type), enhances a man's image. All in all, scent is one of the special things that contributes to a man's overall presentation. More people will take notice of a man if he is wearing cologne than if he is not. Cologne reveals a man's personality. A man who wears cologne is a man who wants to be noticed. He wants to smell good, which in turn will make him feel good. It is a never-ending cycle with the end result, a happy man. *

15 TRACTOR BEAM GENERATOR AND POWER TRENCH



Alterations at West 43rd Street

by Adrian Willsher

As one opened the Oct. 7th issue of the *New Yorker* (the first under new editor Tina Brown), one felt almost certain that the traditional white, middle-class and middle-aged readership was in for a shock. Right across from the index was an erotic advertisement for Calvin Klein featuring two young lovers, topless and eyeing the viewer with a careless, yet slightly unsure, confidence. The more one read on, through the familiar "Talk of the Town" section and the longer reports, the more one got the impression that not only was Brown hired to edit the magazine, but also to create a new, albeit marginally less flashy, *Vanity Fair*, her previous success story.

The "Goings On about Town" section, previously a densely written description of artistic and entertainment events in the city, was now interrupted by colourful ads featuring, among others, Barneys New York, Saab, Estee Lauder, Gap, and Rolex. It was clear that Brown and the new management were appealing to the upscale yuppies who were most likely to be attracted by the latest fashions, and who typically regard their magazines as venues for fashion exhibitions as much as sources of literature.

But the problem, of course, was in the content – these new readers were not going to be quite the same ones who found the old *New Yorker* stuff worthwhile. I remember a visit during the summer to the Ottawa Public Library, in an attempt to read interesting articles from old issues. That afternoon I spent at least two hours reading a long (even by pre-Tina Brown standards) story about an American classics professor who established the first classics program in a Malawi university. Who has time now for that kind of extended reading when one can attain an instant cultural familiarity from the high-velocity Images on a television screen?

One thus finds in the current *New Yorker* an unfamiliar urgency, a sense that the stories must be as current and topical as possible. Included in the longer reports were just such stories about hurricane Andrew, the practice of journalism in Sarajevo, and allegations of drug use by Dan Quayle. This last story, which, as the longest, was also about the possibly politically motivated mistreatment of a prisoner by the U.S. government, seemed to be an attempt to influence the November election. Never before, at least in my memory, has the *New Yorker* resembled a newsmagazine so much.

Until the change, the weekly may have seemed nonpartisan or only slightly political, but one found in this issue an unmistakeably liberal, Democratic spirit. The first article, a new editorial section entitled "Comment", was an attack, from a liberal, philosophical basis, on one of George Bush's campaign ideas: that of allowing tax-payers the chance to indicate on their tax forms whether they want to pay up to ten percent of their taxes directly to deficit-reduction. Further ahead, in the Goings On section, we found another timely liberal article, this one arguing persuasively that Bush's recent attempt to portray himself as a second Harry Truman was marred by the fact that Bush had supported Truman's presidential opponent.

There were other instances of liberal reporting, some only slightly partisan, some others decidedly anti-Republican. Louis Menand, a critic whose work appears in such places as the *New Republic*, attacked Michael Medved directly, and the

Republican party indirectly, in his review of Medved's book about the entertainment industry. Menand questioned Medved's thesis that some unaccountable, liberal, Hollywood "cultural elite" (remember the Dan Quayle-Murphy Brown story) is refusing to respond to the "traditional values" of the real America.

But almost certainly the most political article was that about Quayle himself. No moderate or liberal could have read it without feeling some outrage towards Washington's corrupt conservatism, which appears to value its own power over any consideration of civil freedom and justice. It was the story of Brett Coleman Kimberlin, a convicted and imprisoned drug dealer who had alleged that he repeatedly sold marijuana to Dan Quayle in the early 1970's. The author, Mark Singer, tried to portray Kimberlin as a model prisoner, even a model citizen, by telling us of Kimberlin's earning of a college degree in prison, his legal skills, and the endorsements he received from respected lawyers around the country. The second half described, in minute detail, the successful attempts of the federal government to deny Kimberlin parole and to prevent him from publicising the charges against Quayle.

In a final paragraph Singer quoted an old liberal lawyer who asserted that Kimberlin had become a "political prisoner". This reminded me of similar recent liberal expressions, such as the final scene in the recent film *Bob Roberts*: the camera sweeps over the words of the Jefferson Memorial, an urgent comparison with the corruption of the conservative Roberts. Any Oliver Stone movie can be understood in the same way, as an attempt to stir one's outrage against conservative threats to the liberal American way.

Of course, since the time of the first new issue, when I wrote the first draft of this review (Can anyone predict the *Herald's* publishing schedule?), several more issues appeared. In the subsequent few weeks the new "timeliness" remained, and if anything became greater. The cover of the October 12th issue was adorned with an illustration of Malcolm X and a montage of popular black Americans, such as Rodney King and Martin Luther King, Jr.; the longest article in the issue was a biography of Malcolm, obviously intended as a complement to the new film.

The November 2nd issue was even more timely. The clever cover featured the confident couple Bill and Hillary Clinton, dressed as Robin Hood and Maid Marion, holding open large Halloween paper bags at the home of quite nervous George and Barbara Bush. The long article here discussed the president's role in the Iraq fiasco; the message was that – contrary to his campaign assertions – he was in the loop after all.

The glamorous ads, from Calvin Klein, Estee Lauder and Levi's, have all but disappeared, although the number of fashion and "lifestyle" ads has, I think, increased. A recent high profile addition to the personnel has been Art Spiegelman, of *Maus* fame, as "featured" staff artist – and not for the house trademark box cartoons of gentle, urbane satire. All in all, Ms. Brown and company, a few of whom she brought with her from *Vanity Fair*, seem to have begun a process of subtle but distinct mutations which, at the present rate, will transfigure before we know it the once venerable weekly into something quite unrecognisable. *

Achieving Satori at Vesta Lunch

(Every event in this story is true, and people really should lunch at *Vesta*. The only part that isn't true is the bit about the blonde finding enlightenment – she did order the sandwiches though.)

As me and my companion approached *Vesta Lunch* on the Northeast corner of Bathurst and Dupont, we were reassured in our culinary adventure by a sign proudly proclaiming "Reputable since 1955" (but not before, she supposed). When we entered and seated ourselves, we were hardly noticed by two men, one of whom we believe was named Tony, who shouted at each other in an accented English neither of us could make out. At one point the older fellow had a wrestling match with the customer sitting in the corner. However, don't be intimidated by their surly grunts or by the greasy spoon appearance: they were friends and it is a greasy spoon.

For our snack I ordered a bottle of their best and only fruit juice, souvlaki on a bun, and an order of fries. These were shared with my companion who also ordered an orange crush and a grilled cheese (one Kraft cheese slice on two pieces of Wonder Bread, with a pickle sliver on the side). The meal was hot, greasy but reassuringly tasty. It, combined with the apple pie I had for dessert and the milkshake she had, which rated a 9.5, was a down-to-earth, honest meal. The pie was gobey and rich (I hadn't previously enjoyed rich apple pie) and the fries were greasier than Alfalfa's hair, but Tony and his friend weren't there to play games with all natural stuff or all that crap, just real artificial, preservatively fine foods. The meal left us physically fulfilled and spiritually awakened. It was good to be alive (still is of course). Here we were, eating late dinner at *Vesta*, bringing the

universe into harmony. All for a reasonable fifteen dollars. As to the atmosphere, the signs were all hand painted, including one which stated "No Credit". The night could have fit perfectly in the 70s, the 50s or the 30s but especially in the late 1620s.

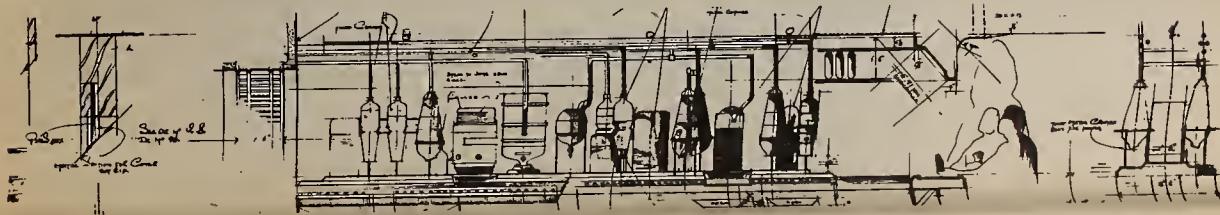
Then the moment that made the evening: an event that could have easily been overlooked and its profound religious implications lost. A small blonde woman wearing a fury fur coat entered and ordered two grill sandwiches, and maybe coffee. She pointed out quite curiously that she was in a rush.

Tony and his friend paid no attention to this remark and carried on as they had been, proceeding to cook up their three hundred thousandth grilled cheese much in the same manner the other two hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine had been cooked up. And yet despite their mastery of the culinary arts, she had the gall to point out that she wanted the INNER slices of the loaf – the really good ones, as anyone knows, – and not the END slices. She said it in a tone that indicated she expected an argument.

But Tony and his friend took it in stride and cooked up their three hundred thousandth and first and their three hundred thousandth and second grilled cheeses afresh. At this point she realized their sageness, got to her knees, begged them for forgiveness (at which point they threw the sandwiches at her), achieved enlightenment and left the store, leaving behind ten dollars and her fur coat.

My companion and I issued forth from the restaurant seeing life anew, proudly proclaiming the new Good News:

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Films of 92

Hollow Thrills on *Europa's* Tracks

by Chris Philpott

"The biggest toy train set any boy ever had."
—Orson Welles describing filmmaking.

Lars Von Trier proved to be a boy filmmaker. *Europa*, his third film but his first to have been released here, was a fine piece of youthful, clever, show-off cinema in the tradition of the young Hitchcock, Welles and Godard. It was full of visual acrobatics which, at their best, reawakened a pure love of movies as creative spectacle. I hadn't seen this level of invention since the early days of rock video. (And it was no surprise to learn that Von Trier makes rock videos.) The flourishes lightened up a profoundly nasty, determinist vision of the world.

The film begins with a view down on train tracks from the front of a slow-moving train, the distance in darkness. Max von Sydow's magnificent voice comes in over brooding music. He sets the scene speaking as a hypnotist, addressing the audience and/or the lead character, Leo (Jean-Marc Barr), a young American looking for work in Germany immediately after World War II. The sequence sets up the action quickly and evocatively, and prepares us for something a little different. It also functions as something of a manifesto: It proclaims film as hypnosis; a journey into the unknown; a ride we know will accelerate and just might crash. It evokes a world which isn't real. It announces a filmmaker who won't stay hidden, who actually boasts of his control over the characters, the medium, and the audience. This narrator tells of characters who are not free, because they are characters; they are hypnotised, their fates as determined as the course of a train, as the course of history.

Ah, this was fun stuff! (It reminded me of the opening of Orson Welles' script for *Heart of Darkness*, which was to have been his first film but was never made. The camera is set in a birdcage; Welles, as Kurtz, points a gun at the canary/audience and orders it to sing.)

The story begins. Germany is a mess, in a historical pause between the Reich and the economic miracle. People cling to piece-meal bureaucracies and bastard ideologies. Leo gets a job as a train conductor and then he meets Katharina (Barbara Sukowa), a femme fatale and a link to the Werewolves (a guerilla organization). The plot tugs our hero first one way and then the other; into the quickly reshaping power structures, the myriad of rules governing con-

ductor conduct in a world which must run on time, and into a dark world of passion and destruction. The oscillation accelerates and climaxes with a fine piece of black comedy in which Leo must repeatedly run out of a conductor examination to deal with the Werewolf plot and impending disaster.

The central technical effect in *Europa* is the conspicuous use of mattes. Von Trier revels in the technique: he creates ultra-deep focus, mixes black-and-white back-projection with colour foreground, mixes long-lens (flat) backgrounds with wide-angle foregrounds, dissolves backgrounds, and moves characters from foreground to background and back again. The cumulative effect of these and other virtuosic techniques (like moving cameras through walls and windows) and tantalizing images (such as a couple making love on a model train set — an image stolen from *Track 29* — but it had more resonance here), is to create an overstuffed funhouse of a movie.

I admired *Europa*, but perhaps it smelled more of ingenuity than genius. There were a few serious weaknesses: Leo was an uninteresting character, the chaos loosed by the Werewolves was not very engaging, and the love story was conventional. Barbara Sukowa was flatter here than in anything she did for Fassbinder.

The little lyricism the film contained did not concern the doomed lovers, nor the psychic turmoil of the lost Germans, nor the peculiar plight of an American civilian in post-war Germany, but the train — the Europa. Von Trier shoots his train the way Von Stenberg shot Marlene Dietrich. This footage is awe-inspiring, but it sounded alarm bells: what can we say about an artist who, in this great canvas of characters and locations, is most thrilled by a choo-choo train? If only Von Trier had as much enthusiasm developing his protagonist! (I would guess he had made Leo a virtual blank to bring out the hypnosis/determinism/audience-as-character themes, but audience identification with character just doesn't work this way.)

Although *Europa* was a thrill, the film seemed a little hollow; imagine *Citizen Kane* without Kane. Ultimately, we'll have to see a few more of Von Trier's films to determine if he deserves to be grouped with Hitchcock, Welles and Godard, or rather with Mamoulian (*Applause*), Lester (*A Hard Day's Night*) and Beineix (*Diva*): other young, talented show-offs who tamed soil too poor to deliver more than one or two quick cash crops. *

Chomsky's Relentless Construction of Dissent

by Daren Gerrig

It would be futile to begin to discuss the radical political and social beliefs held by Noam Chomsky, the relentless political activist, renowned linguist and MIT professor, in a simple movie review: there is just not sufficient time or space. This is evident if we note that an outline of his ideas were delivered in a mere 165 minutes, the duration of *Manufacturing Consent: Noam Chomsky and the Media*.

This enthralling, clever film delivers Chomsky's messages between short clips which chronologically describe his youth. These breaks from the mind-numbing political discussions reveal Chomsky's private life, spanning from his elementary school studies of detailed Hebrew texts furnished by his father, to the political debates sparked during time spent at his uncle's newspaper stand in New York City during the depression — Chomsky later describes these teenage years at the newsstand as one of the most influential elements of his life.

These anecdotal snippets of his early life not only provide an understanding of his youth, they act as a mental departure from the seemingly endless footage of interviews and lectures. The coherency of Chomsky's beliefs is revealed through careful editing of these lectures and interviews, so that sentences and themes which he begins to describe in a lecture series delivered in 1985 are completed by cutting to an interview given ten years

earlier. Chomsky manages to simplify complex issues, primarily the role of the "democratic" media in sustaining the totalitarian elements of the American government (and governments in general), without trivializing them. He not only provides an understanding of the issues, but illustrates their severity with respect to the threatened existence of a truly democratic society.

During the first hour of the film, a basic understanding of Chomsky's political ideas are provided. The first thorough example of hidden corruption in the world comes with a description of the atrocities of East Timor and the utter lack of coverage it received in the American press. This is then contrasted with the substantial coverage by the same media of the comparable situation in Cambodia after the Khmer Rouge takeover in 1975. The clear implication here is that atrocities committed by American enemies can be spoken of while those supported by the U.S. — such as the genocide in East Timor — are essentially ignored.

The film concludes by removing Chomsky from a purely academic setting, and shows his dealings with the general public. Chomsky avoids moralizing and makes the point that he doesn't want to be followed blindly: in other words, to become exactly the kind of force he is opposing. His general point is that people should think for themselves, and they can do this with help from alternative media which provide other pictures of the world. *

Basic Instinct: Basic Bullshit

by Toshiya Kuwabara

The theatre gradually filled as the lights were finally dimmed. Crowded in this room were people who actually paid to see this film. As the advertisements roared by and the movie began, a hush followed.

I finally broke down one day last spring and saw the film, *Basic Instinct*. Although it wasn't what I usually watched, since it happened to be about queers (homosexuals and bisexuals), and being a queer myself I thought, why not?

It turned out that the only redeeming feature about this film was Sharon Stone's performance. She played her character (Catherine Tramell) as if there were no limit to her capacity to play the femme fatale. As cold and steely as an ice pick to a warm and passionate as a volcano. She did Catherine in a way reminiscent of Glenda Jackson in Russell's *Women in Love*.

However, no matter how good her acting or the shots of Douglas/Stone's incredible backside may have been, it couldn't save the film from going under. For one thing, it wasn't as much an homage to Hitchcock as much as a ripoff from three of his films.

1. The homicidal ice pick sequences, especially the one in which Nick Curran's partner got killed, were a clear take from the shower scene in *Psycho*. It was the disgusting explicitness of those sequences in *Basic Instinct* that tended to ruin it, totally unlike the shower scene which had a memorable and lasting impact.

on the viewer's mind.

2. Similarly, the cinematography Verhoeven played around with during scenes from inside Curran's apartment on the staircase, were like failed experiments with the bell tower sequences in *Vertigo*. Nothing could have been more pathetic or obvious, except for the recycled sound of Bernard Herman on the soundtrack at times.

3. Finally, the car chase sequences on the cliff were like

something out of *Suspicion*. Well at least Hitchcock could generate tension between the two characters (Grant and Fontaine) in the car. The viewer was always left hanging on the edge, always wondering what would happen or fearing what could. With *Basic Instinct*, Verhoeven treaded on thin ice by relying on some tricky camera work – forget about the acting. Hell, one never

actually got to see Stone driving in her car: it was always the sun-glassed Douglas with his hair slicked back. Did Verhoeven have something for Douglas? I wonder?

Well, aside from the fact of that small hint of bisexuality, *Basic Instinct* was the kind of film that had queer characters in it

Basile Michel was the king of film that has quite disappeared.

but was made for straights. Call it homophobia, call it sexism, call it what you will, but Verhoeven distorted the bisexuality of Stone's character by emphasizing the supposed duality of bisexuals. For instance, he portrayed her "lesbian side" in a stereotypical manner appealing and repulsive to heteros, while her straight side, though homicidal, was more easily accessible to a straight audience.

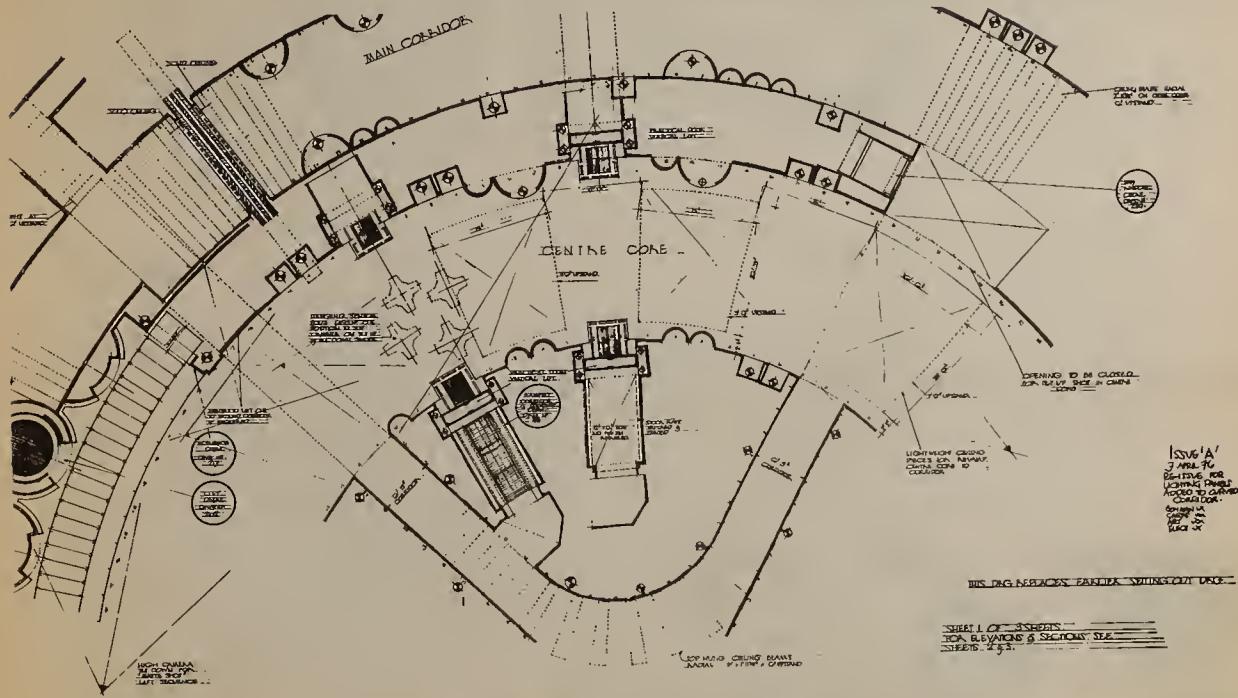
This same distortion was present in his portrayal of Triplehorn's character (Beth Garner) as another bisexual whose "lesbian side" was anything but normal: she was secretly obsessed with Trammel having once slept with her in college. Before discovering this, the audience could feel nothing but sympathy for her in her heterosexual relationship to Curran, but then her uncovered bisexuality undermined this. She finally ended up in a bodybag.

Throughout the film it steadily became apparent that Verhoeven didn't want to deal with the characters' lesbian relationships in depth or to even make them understandable, like Oliver Stone's shallow portrayal of women in his last few films. Verhoeven was only willing to cover the surface of these lesbian relationships in a manner appealing to a straight audience, i.e., in a stereotypically sexual way. For example, Tramell's lover Roxy (Leliani Sarelle), as a character was never fully fleshed out. She remained a half-painted mystery. All we really got to know about her was that she was a jealous neurotic bitch, who ended up in a bodybag, too.

Yet even with the superficial portrayal of lesbian relationships, there was not a single queer sex scene in the whole film. We were basically limited to Curran's marathon of fucking with Garner and Tramell. Maybe if Verhoeven had seen Donna Deitch's *Desert Hearts*, this film wouldn't have been such a tacky failure, maybe

Actually, the truly tacky thing about this film was the script. It was just so terrible at times to be unbelievable. I mean, it was enough to make you laugh, if the film hadn't been so badly directed. As for how Eszterhas managed to get \$3 million for crap like this is beyond me. Apparently he's writing a sequel. He can call it *Basic Instinct II - Hefner in Heat*.

While it might be difficult for me to reduce *Basic Instinct* to pure misogyny, the heterosexism was fairly blatant in connection with the stereotypes of lesbians and bisexuals. The only reasons I can see for watching/renting a tacky film like this are if you want to get a good look at Douglas's glorious backside or to watch Stone's performance. Other than that, I regret having spent the \$4 on this so-called film. •



Another Fresh Corpse At The Festival

by Franz Kaka

Last year I decided against any systematic way of choosing which movies I wanted to see at the Festival of Festivals. Generally, the information about the movies is scarce and unreliable. I figured that an arbitrary selection of a line to stand in would be just as good as spending hours with a highlighter reading the reviews and the festival guide. I avoided a lot of frustration and disappointment by allowing Lady Luck to guide me (usually in the form of friends who knew what they wanted to see). That is how I ended up seeing *Father, Santa Claus Has Died*. It was an OK movie.

Before the film was shown, the director, Eugeny Yufit, got up and introduced it. Without a hint of humour, or any attempt at rapport with the audience, he delivered a short and well memorized statement which was valiantly translated from the Russian by a competent interpreter. Mr. Yufit said that the movie was representative of "necro-realistic" cinema, a movement which started in the mid '80's in the former Leningrad, and which draws influences from German expressionism and French surrealism and a few modern cinema movements which he failed to identify.

The movie, shot in black and white, starts in a cluttered underground tunnel. A man with a briefcase walks hurriedly. At one point he stumbles and falls so that his head ends up in a wire noose. A boy and an old one-legged man appear from somewhere and proceed to dispose the fresh corpse and take possession of his belongings. The body is disposed of and the trap is set up again for the next victim. So it goes. The rest of the movie is about a writer visiting his cousin in the countryside.

Like many other Russian films, (see Tarkovsky's *Stalker*), this one was full of prolonged and meaningful (NOT?) silences which were beautiful, but which were at the same time painful for the audience. The behaviour of the characters, despite the strangeness, possessed a kind of humanity that one could relate to. Arranged as a series of almost still shots, the movie was very pleasing from an aesthetic point of view. The events, bizarre and strange as they were, appeared to have some meaning, which was for some unfortunate reason denied to the audience. It became obvious, however, that a few things were particularly significant: moles, which not only cause a lot of damage to agriculture, but can also be killed in ten seconds given the right chemical mix; bandages, which can be conveniently used to wrap up people who don't seem to have any need to be wrapped up; stakes which can be, but should not be, thrown in the river, etc.

I desperately hoped that by the end of the film things would come together and an explanation would be forthcoming. That would have been extremely gratifying. I could almost imagine the pleasure

of finding out the details of the movie based on the ending and discussing it with my friends in some cafe, while posing as big understanders of contemporary cinema. Alas, it was too much to ask.

I might add that for non-Russian speakers, a few grains of meaning in the film were probably lost in translation. The subtitles were very creatively necro-realistic, with grammar being one of the first things to necrose. For example, the title on the screen was translated literally as "Father Frost Is Dead, Dad", and at one point, the old man gives his grandson a toy and says, "Here, have a fun".

According to the Festival program, the movie was based on the short story "The Vampire's Family", by Tolstoy. I decided to look it up, as it was my last hope to shed some light on things. Should one trust the Festival Guide? Well, a bit... After signing out a few short story collections by Leo Tolstoy and not finding what I was looking for, I resigned myself to reading the index of the complete collected works, the Russian edition. Leo Tolstoy wrote a lot: over seventy volumes occupying two shelves in Robarts library. Since I didn't have the exact title, I read the whole index from A to Z in hope of finding anything with vampires in it. It is interesting to note that Russians have five or six varieties of vampires, each species with a different name. Anyhow, I failed.

In the end, I found "The Family of Vourdak", written by a Tolstoy who wasn't Leo, but rather A.K. The difference being minimal, since both were counts. It is a cool story - the tale of a French nobleman who, on his way to Moldavia, stops over at this family's home in a Serbian village. He is told that ten days earlier, the father of the family had gone to the mountains to hunt for some Turkish bandit. Before departing, the father instructed his family to assume him dead if he didn't return in ten days. In the event, God forbid, that he return later, he ordered a stake to be driven through his heart, because he will have turned into a vourdalak. (Don't you just love that name? Vuhr-dah-LAHK - Try rolling the "v" if you can). Well, he comes back a few minutes after eight in the evening, i.e., just after the ten days have gone by, and the family decides that it is still OK. A BIG MISTAKE, as you can imagine.

As far as I could tell, the imagery of the stake was the only clearly common thing between the story and the movie. Be grateful for what you get, I thought. And so yet again, one must resign oneself to the fact that another interesting piece of cinema is beyond the grasp of reason. However, if anyone is willing to travel to Russia and extract an explanation from the director (by means of torture, if necessary), give me a call. I just might decide that the movie is worth it and come along. *

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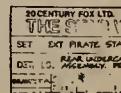
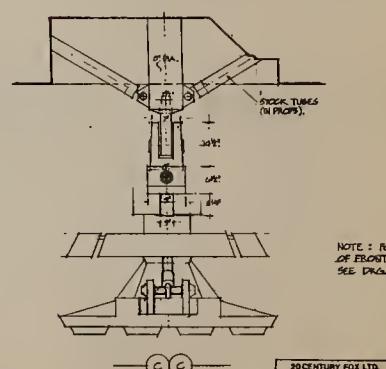
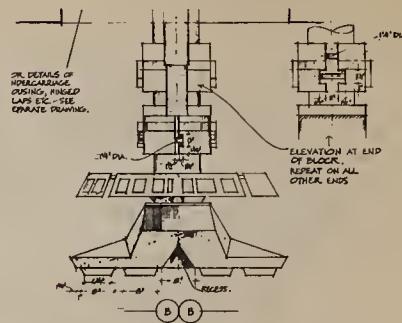
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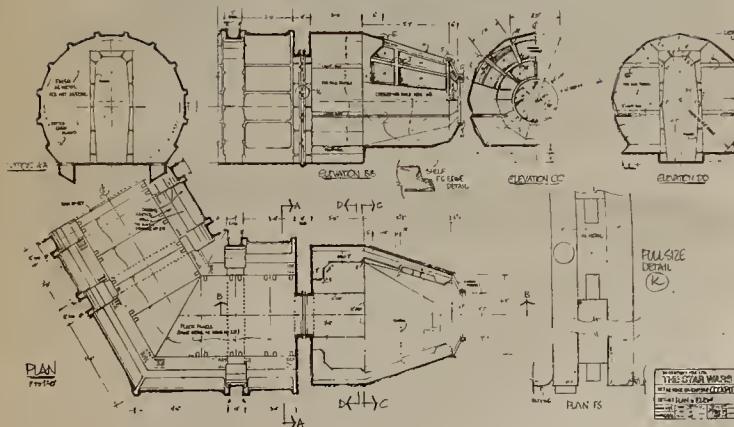
Bram Stoker's Dracula: Worth Seeing by Judy Josepowicz

Okay, so I finally came out of hiding and went to see a movie. And let me tell you, this was an event! I didn't go to see just ANY movie. I braved the cold and the lines to see *Dracula* on its opening night. It was almost worth it. The movie was very well made, a pleasure to look at, and Keanu Reeves is just so cute that his terrible acting was pretty much atoned for. The rest of the casting was excellent, including Winona Ryder (I was pleasantly surprised by how well she acted), and especially Tom Waits as Dracula's insane servant.

The costumes were wonderful, although at the expense of the sets. I saw a clip of Francis Ford Coppola saying that if he had a dollar, he'd give seventy-five cents to the costumes, and twenty-five to the sets, and I think that is probably what he did. The movie had its blood scenes, but it wasn't gratuitously gory, much to the chagrin of some of my companions, who claimed (I'm paraphrasing): "It was ok, but the best part was when he cut off their heads! Yeah! Yeah!". (NO, NO, you idiots! It's a LOVE story!). And what a love story. The sensuality of some of the scenes left my mouth agape. And because it was so much of a love story, Dracula was the hero, and not the villain. I was sad to see him killed.

Anyway, enough rambling. The movie wasn't wonderful, but worth seeing, so if you haven't already, go see it!

9 MILLENNIUM FALCON/COCKPIT



Forgiveness and Indulgence on the Seine

by Ken Eakin

Certainly one of the most powerful films of last year's Festival de Festivals, Léos Carax's *Les Amants du Pont-Neuf* shapes the romantic cliché of two dispossessed lovers into narrative perfection. His film is a high-budget production that forces one's suspension of disbelief to the point of ultimate forgiveness of its sentimental excesses.

Not that one forgives the blinking oppressiveness of the "Samtaigne" building, forming a backdrop of bourgeois Paris to the derelict love on the decaying bridge. The film spans the Seine, however, with a brutal transcendence. What one does forgive is its implausibility. One wants to indulge the film a little (and one only needs to a little) lest one not be totally absorbed by its searing story.

Les Amants shifts from an abject realism in its portrayal of the down and out side of Paris to an artistic flourish and pure fantasy. From sleeping on cold stone benches, to water skiing the Seine under the fireworks of the Revolution bicentennial, the indulgences are seamlessly congruent with the romance that carries the two beyond their own dismal reality.

The characters, Michele (Juliette Binoche) and Alex (Denis Lavant), are right out of a blues song. She's blind in one eye, he's got a lame foot. His love moves him to ignite a Métro walkway, drug café

patrons, swim icy waters, and spit gasoline fireballs. The sheer violence of his lifestyle is easily transposed into a passion. But the story evades a straightforward misfit love to insist on the self-destructive lifestyle of the lovers. Always rooted in the present, the narration reflects the immediate gratifications and deprivations that are all they seem to know.

There is such a frightening fatalism to their inescapable predicament that the viewer is left in limbo throughout. There is a building terror of just when and how Alex is going to be annihilated. Between the narcotizing drugs, the police brutality, social marginalization, and the possible redemption of their relationship, the tension rarely lets up.

Les Amants is a *Sid and Nancy* with none of the mythic tenderness and twice the impact. Its sparse embellishments of impressionist colour or expressionist scale are never overdone – if anything, they are underused. The raw force of the actors' performances and Carax's sprinkling of metaphors – she sees in her blindness; "neuf" signifies #9 but also "new" – engender the viewers' sympathy and forgiveness. It is the kind of movie whose soundtrack can equally include David Bowie and Shostakovich. If Carax is guilty of creating one of the year's best love stories, one is compelled towards a romantic forgiveness indeed. •

Sextet Looks at Everything but the City

by Ken Eakin

Montreal Sextet was a collection of six short films by six different Canadian filmmakers in honor of the city's 350th anniversary last year. Like all collective works, some were good, some were bad, and some were ugly. Together, they appeared as a rather grim outlook on the city and its people. Or rather, the broader thematic concerns of the films made their relevance to Montreal in specific insignificant, while foregrounding other issues of modern living. This didn't detract, however, from the films themselves, and one came away with a good look at contemporary (mainstream) Canadian filmmaking, albeit without much of a feel for the city.

Patricia Rozema's film was probably the worst of the lot. Her tired schtick à la Sheila McCarthy took the form of an angular Toronto housewife trying to swing with Montreal party-goers. An anglo in Quebecois waters provided plenty of room for her to flounder around, until a low-budget transcendence allowed her to find redemption beyond the domestic comforts of middle-class Ontario.

Jacques Leduc's film explored the biases of history in cleverly tracing the fate of an oil painting of Montreal's first mayor, Jacques Viger. From its aristocratic beginnings to its ignominious finale, the film spoke well of the dust that can gather over our perceptions of the past. Casting an oil painting as the main protagonist left the plot a little slack, but was satisfying as a parable of historiography.

Michel Brault's film was a lightly orchestrated examination of a lacklustre marriage's crisis point. Drawing out the simple parallel of the hockey game being analogous to conjugal battles, Brault succeeded at condensing a complex emotion into a moment of exact balance and weight. By displacing the tensions that arose from ignoring his wife onto the perennial elbow jabs of the Forum's "Can-

adiens", the husband learned that a hockey ticket can't buy you love.

Atom Egoyan's contribution was bizarre and funny. He used an expressive symbolism to convey the alienation of a human soul imprisoned in a world of absurdly reductive advertising. Though the film was of dubious validity as a study in human psychology, it did impart the familiar sense of emptiness that comes from unrelenting strip malls where everything's on sale. With a little mental stretch, the film could have been about the lack of communication and the displacement that renders the outsider indistinct in the "distinct society". The film really had no clear relation to Montreal, but was one of the most enjoyable pieces nonetheless.

Lea Pool created a poetic visual meditation on the brink of death. Moving images flowed by the supine victim riding in an ambulance, its roof apparently open to the sky. The city, in its strange perspective, coupled with images of intimacy and health, created a dream-like suggestion of the horror and restfulness of dying. Pool's film was one of the most impressive of the *Sextet*. It was both beautifully realized and comparatively novel in its mood.

Denys Arcand's downscale piece finished off the sextet well. It worked on an epiphany recollection of a passionate love affair. Somewhat pedestrian in its drama, the film was buoyed along by Arcand's humour and his keen eye for the important details of human relationships. The way strong memories can falsely mythologize a place was effectively presented here, but like the other films, it had little direct relevance to Arcand's home town. This film was somewhat disappointing when compared with his longer works. Still, the *Sextet* should be seen by anyone with an interest in current short film, Canadian or otherwise. •

On the Road with Bruce and Don

by Steve Gravestock

Bruce MacDonald first achieved notoriety with *Road Kill*, a rock and roll comedy about an insecure woman who uncovers reservoirs of self-confidence when she's sent out to track down a wayward singer. The movie's improvisational feel, its scruffy humour, and its genuine lack of pretension made it unique in Canadian cinema.

Road Kill afforded a much-needed relief from some of the art-house confined 'heavy' (i.e. ponderous) talents that sometimes tend to dominate the Toronto film scene. MacDonald gained more notoriety when, upon winning the City TV Prize for the most popular Canadian film at the Festival of Festivals, he announced that he was going to spend the prize money on hash. Afterwards, *Road Kill* went on to become one of the few Canadian feature films to make money. Last year MacDonald was back, with *Highway 61*.

The film reunited the principal creative forces behind *Road Kill* (MacDonald, actress Valerie Buhagiar, screenwriter/actor Don McKellar). Like its predecessor, *Highway 61* is a road movie and it has the same free-wheeling feel and hip sense of humour. In addition, it is vastly more accomplished both visually and in terms of performances. Buhagiar looks a little wooden the previous time out but here she creates an immediate kinship with the audience. McKellar stood out in *Road Kill*, and he is even better here.

Buhagiar plays Jackie Bangs, an escapee from a heavy metal road crew who wants to smuggle a load of heroin down to New Orleans by concealing it in a corpse. McKellar is Pokey Jones, a small town barber who wants to be a musician but lacks the nerve to leave Picketel Falls. He worships American music, and has been planning to drive down the music history laden Highway 61 for years. Jackie convinces him to drive her down to Louisiana.

Eric Plastko as Mr. Skin, a self styled Satan, provides many of the film's high points. He roams the highway from Sudbury to New Orleans buying up souls. The three clash because the corpse Jackie stashes the drugs in, had sold his soul to Mr. Skin for concert tickets. Also present are Peter Breck, Teresa Wright, and rockers Art Bergmann and Jello Blafra, each one providing one or more solid comic moments.

I spoke to MacDonald and McKellar shortly before *Highway 61* opened commercially. Those who appreciated the improvisational tone MacDonald created in *Road Kill* will probably be surprised by his actual method of procedure. He's a firm believer in Elvis's dictum that the finished product has to sound fresh but that that doesn't mean it should be sloppy. "The official pre-production was a few months involving casting, locations, etc. That's the key; the more prepared you are, the better it's gonna be. You can still be spontaneous, you can still be fresh. In a way, the script is pre-production. You could go out and improvise the whole thing – but because you put care and time into picking just the right language, and making just the right transitions – well that thinking and work is done for you. So when you get on the set you can concentrate on things you find there: the colour of a tree, that wind over there in the corner you can work into the scene. If you have a good, good map, then you've done your homework and that makes a big difference."

"People have this thing about road movies. They think you roll up the splits and just head on down the road hollering OOOEE!, making it up as you go along. In fact, there's an incredible amount of pre-production, not only with Miroslaw [Baszak, the cinematographer], but with Colin [Brunton, the producer] working out the budget."

MacDonald is pleased that his movies have a funky, improvised feel, but he's also quite aware of the economics of film-making. "With a small budget you can't afford to improvise too much. You have to keep things moving all the time. Miroslaw and I spent a lot of time trying to previsualize scenes, drawing our basic parameters. With *Road Kill* we only had two weeks and we could only afford so much gear, so that excluded dolly shots, camera movement. But there were things we could do like composition. Let's have an off-balance composition here; we'd talk about framing; you want to concentrate on four or five major scenes and get them right. We were always very conscious of our restrictions. This is a good background to come from because you have that in the back of your head, and when you're extravagant, you're extravagant for a reason."

McKellar adds, "One of the great things about being a writer on one of Bruce's projects is that you learn a lot about what you can and can't do. They'll come in and say can we cut the crowd scene – couldn't it just be one guy with an ice cream cone. You learn you can't shoot outdoors for pages and pages because of the cost."

MacDonald doesn't believe in the lone romantic artist who is completely responsible for every success or every failure. He attributes the improvisational feel of his movies (half-jokingly) to McKellar's "fine natural writing" and is very proud of the relationship he's established with his production people. "One of the reasons why we work so well together is because all of us have creative input from the budget guy on. All of the scenes effect each other. Some young filmmakers think you get a script and then just shoot it. But, even though they have a great script, it's impossible to make, to shoot things you have to. You can't write as it you had five million when you only have \$750,000. You have to do it for what it costs. Money and budgets are an important creative thing. You'll soon realize, when you're three days behind, that you have to either begin taking out great scenes or compromising."

Though *Highway 61* is MacDonald's second road movie, his fans may be surprised to learn that he was never especially attracted to the form. He views the genre unpretentiously – refreshingly so. "I didn't grow up thinking that road movies were this great art form that I absolutely loved. True there were films like *Paris, Texas*; *Two-Lane Blacktop*; *Vanishing Point*, but to me they were just great movies. These first two movies were like work-out films for me, the first two I've formally directed. I really like them. At the same time, I try to keep them in perspective. I'm still learning how it all fits together in the same way a band goes out on the road to get its chops together before it plays Lee's Palace or whatever. You have to learn your craft. Working this way really keeps you on your toes because you're out there where you don't really have any safety net. It's a great trial by fire."

Still MacDonald is a little surprised that the genre isn't more entrenched in Canada. "When you look at how huge this country is I'm surprised that there hasn't been more of a road movie tradition here. I can only think of one or two. It was kind of ridiculous with the *Genies* road movie tribute where they had to resort to guys from *Bethune* riding bicycles. (McKellar: "They really wanted to get that Tom Cochrane song in there somehow!")

For McKellar, the two movies they've done "are part of a tradition. It's not especially Canadian though there is *Goin' Down the Road*. That old metaphor where the road means freedom, escape,

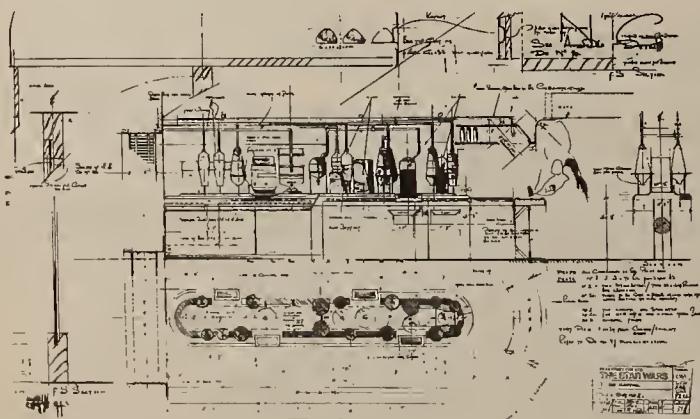
self-development. These ambitions are like the B-movies. The people here [in *Highway 61*] try to get good ideas. They're trying to find their place or a sense of particular good form because we were dealing with this is a bottom line American genre that seems to go on and on. It's also about disillusionment or burst. They all have ideas and they're shattered by the stripped bare and no longer the straight ahead project. They have to confront their delusions about that landscape that Pokey had been dreaming about. That landscape that Pokey had been dreaming about is to be pretty depressing, at least a bit of a let down. New Orleans is a pretty depressing city."

The pair's encounter with America wasn't as though McKellar was a little shocked by American guns. Their trip was packed with harrowing comic moments that might have fit comfortably into the movie. Baffledly wandering into a highly dangerous New Orleans project which the cops claimed contained more gun than entire police force, they also got involved in a gun battle. Miroslaw Baszak witnessed his first American on the streets of New Orleans. It happened at a corner, literally only forty feet away. People were boxes, but as good Canadians we were waiting for change. Miroslaw was hunched down in the front of a car. "Bruce, has the light turned green yet?"

The eeriest experience for MacDonald was going to the first time in order to research the film. "About morning, I got off the train – it was called the City of the one in the Arlo Guthrie tune. I was in Memphis and had enough money for the train. (I was supposed to be with friend, Tav Falco, who's in the movie.) I was wandering Memphis, a very small place, and all I could think was like a Jim Jarmusch movie. It had that decayed Diner went around the corner and there was Joe Strummer and Coke. Across the street was Jim Jarmusch and a white hair, Robby Müller (Fassbinder's cinematographer) were there shooting *Mystery Train* in a broken down

MacDonald is probably as big a fan of American movies as anyone. (One of the film's funniest scenes features an amateurish amateur wandering around Bob Dylan's completely mundane scene MacDonald shot because he wanted to see it.) However, he firmly believes that the only way to succeed is by creating their own mythology and own reality. "We don't have that American machine tradition of 80 years. We've never gonna compete with them on their level. If you want to make American movies to do it is in America. Don't do it here. It's stupid."

"We have to come up with things that are unique stories, which somehow set us apart from the rest of the production. This is what people are responding to in America, and in Canada. Why not initiate something else you end up with bland faceless places, it's far. You make it Toronto or Sault St. Marie and it, not distract. Look at the way music mythologized Grand Funk sang about Little Rock. That place ta



8 MOS EISLEY/INTERIOR CANTINA

Paper

The scissors are coming
Better run
When they come they cut
They destroy our innocence
We have no way to stop them
They don't know it but they
We have no defense
Except the drawer we are
But that isn't much help
We have never been care
We used to be big strong

Jazz at Oscar's

Live at the
Arbor Room
Friday Nights at 8:30
Licensed Pub No Cover

❖
The Hart House
Music Committee
presents

Tim Posgate Quartet

Tim Posgate
guitar

Steve Holy
bass

Andy Milne
piano

Kevin Dempsey
drums

Friday,
January 20

8:30 pm
Hart House
Arbor Room
Licensed Pub
No cover

❖
Next Week:

Kirk McDonald
Quartet

Three Poems by Carlos Mendes (Age 10)

The Ayatollah Khomeini Gets Toilet Trained

According to legend people fart.
Which everybody knows by now.
But that is sacred.
Which automatically brings a toilet to mind.
Which is also sacred.
That brings a lot of uprisings in the middle-east.
But the ambassador from Turkey is furious.
But now there are peace talks.
Which makes many people happy.
But now the uprising has stopped and people don't fart.

The Walker

He walks into the night every evening
Nobody ever sees him 'til morn
He walks on the roads of Iowa.
Nobody really knows him
Nobody ever sees him approach a dwelling
The only thing that ever gets close to him are animals
The old folk say he's been around for a long time
He prowls the roads
Some people say he is friendly and
Some people say he is not
But the only person who could answer is The Walker.

ambitions are like the Bible in those
Highway 61] try to get back to those
and their place or a sense of home. It's a
case we're dealing with America; and
an genre that seems to come up again
disillusionment or bursting your bubble.
They're shattered by the trip; they're all
over the straight ahead people we first
met their delusions about America head on.
He had been dreaming all his life turns out
at least a bit of a let down. Which it is;
expressing city."

America wasn't as disillusioning,
shocked by Americans' obsession with
and with harrowing comic misadventures
ably into the movie. Besides inadver-
tently dangerous New Orleans housing
had contained more guns than the city's
got involved in a gun battle. MacDonald
witnessed his first American gun battle
ans. It happened at a stop light on Canal
set away. People were diving under mail
ans we were waiting for the light to
ched down in the front seat, and asked
d green yet?"

for MacDonald was going to New Orleans
search the film. "About 6:00 in the
- it was called the City of New Orleans,
June. I was in Memphis by myself, and I
the train. (I was supposed to stay with a
the movie.) I was wandering around in
, and all I could think was how much it felt
It had that decayed *Down By Law* feel.
There was Joe Strummer with a Rum
it was Jim Jarmusch and a tall guy with
assblinder's cinematographer. They
any Train in a broken down hotel."

as big a fan of American music as Pokey.
scenes features an awe-struck Pokey,
n's completely mundane childhood home, a
use he wanted to see the house too.)
that the only way for Canadian movies feel
own mythology and expressing their
that American machine; they have a
never gonna compete with America on
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t do it here. It's stupid."

With things that are unique (characters,
set us apart from the regular Hollywood
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hy not initiate something new rather than
hen you pretend that Canada is some-
land faceless places, in my experience so
Sault St. Marie and that's gonna add to
way music mythologizes a place like when
e Rock. That place takes on a mythical

grandeur because it's in a song. But Little Rock isn't much different
from Kapuskasing." McKellar adds, "We've already had a time
when people tried to duplicate American movies - the tax shelter
years. And that was a disaster."

A long-time booster of homegrown talent, MacDonald truly believes that this country has the potential to launch the next big film movement. "I'm not just saying that. I've been in enough places - Vancouver, Edmonton, etc. - to know what's going on. And it's not only the visible people; there are a whole bunch of others coming up the pike. People who are in blitzkreig mode, just trying to get the word out. Then there'll be others thinking that if MacDonald can do it, I can do it. Relaying that kind of inspiration is great. It's not harder to make a film here than it is in any other country. You just do it."

McKellar agrees and cites as proof the response *Highway 61* received at international film festivals. (It won an award in Spain.) "Everyone in the world is envious of Canada, which is doing quite well in terms of film production. Britain and Spain made fewer features. Everyone internationally feels there's a real scene here, and know more about it than most people in Canada."

MacDonald adds, "The perception in Germany or Japan is that the situation here is very similar to the German New Wave or Australian cinema. There's great government support, and also a community of people, a diverse range doing different things: Egoyan, Arcand, Roxema, Elder, Snow. The German New Wave didn't just happen because they were talented dudes. It happened because there was a national effort - by filmmakers, by public television - to support these people."

One of the principal sources of support can be the press. In the past, MacDonald has been highly critical of the media's lack of interest in Canadian film. However, he thinks that the situation has gotten better. "It's improved a lot. When I said that *Family Viewing* [Atom Egoyan's second feature] was just emerging and getting attention. But the scene was going on for years before that. We tried everything to shake them out of their complacency. But it took Wim Wenders handing over his prize to Egoyan, at the Montreal film festival, for it to become cool, legitimate. Before that Atom couldn't get the time of day from some of the bigger media machines. It took someone from outside the country to teach us a lesson. And this wasn't restricted to the independent scene; it extended to the whole Canadian scene in general. The press would have rather published a story about John Ritter than a great Canadian actor because Ritter had TVQ, because people recognized him. But things have changed a lot from four or five years ago. Since then people like Atom have gone on to really prove themselves, making a distinct name for themselves and Canadian films."

McKellar comments, "There's still a bit of resistance, but the press is definitely much more into it."

Right now, for MacDonald, the biggest problem is distribution and theatre space, though he's pleased with the support *Highway 61* has received. "The screens are 99% owned by American product. A lot of other countries have regulations in terms of their products' screen time. We're one of the few where there isn't some sort of quota. We still have a long way to go. I'm happy with what's happened with the new film though. We've had support from the distributors, the press, the people we've shown it to, and Telefilm and the OFDC. It's been amazing."

per

scissors are coming
run
they come they cut us up
destroy our innocent little lives
have no way to stop them
don't know it but they are brutal
have no defense
of the drawer we are put in
isn't much help
have never been cared for
used to be big strong trees but now we are weak little paper

Monika Treut's Paternity Suite

by Jim Des Roches

Mole and I arrived early to the Carlton, and they let us in. We went over to the bowling alley the ushers coyly refer to as Cinema Two and sat down for a sneak preview screening of *My Father is Coming*, Monika Treut's latest film. Usually it is advisable to ignore the other people in the theatre, and we would have, but they were walking around looking under the seats, talking about pens. One woman of the mothballed persuasion was particularly agitated.

"Lost something?" I said, always the boy scout. "Maybe I can help you find it."

A troll-like man in jeans and a checkered shirt turned to me and said, "No, everything's fine. We're looking for the prizes. They're under the seats." That settled, we settled ourselves down and made sure there wasn't anything attached to our seats that wasn't supposed to be. Then a man in front turned around and handed me something.

"Here, I've got doubles." I thanked him nicely and looked at it. It was a pen. A bright green fluorescent pen, the kind that plumbers give away. This one read, "MY FATHER IS COMING. A POLYSEXUAL COMEDY. BY MONIKA TREAT." We debated the point for a moment or two, then decided that I would get to keep it, since I had it first.

The married couple behind us was talking about love games, lingerie, and the sociopolitical aspects of recent soft core porn movies. When they seemed particularly engaged, I took off my coat to sneak a look at them. They were shivelled and wrinkly like apple dolls.

Mole leaned back and whispered, "I've never been to a sneak preview before. Are the people at them always this whiny and pretentious?" He meant the apples.

"Absolutely. Previews make people feel very special. It depends who they give the passes to, though."

Time passed. Slowly. The troll accosted the guy who'd given me the pen. "Excuse me. Can I see yours for a minute? Do you want to trade? Your pink for my green. How about it?" The guy hesitated, said yes, and they traded. It was my turn to whisper. "That guy just made a bad trade. There aren't many pink ones. I bet each of these pens entitles you to something else. Maybe I'll win a *My Father is Coming* movie poster."

"Maybe you'll win a blow job."

"Maybe. Then I wonder what you win if you have the pink one?" We turned around and looked at the troll as he fondled his prize. Then we looked at each other.

"I don't even want to think about it." Mole said.

"Me neither."

The publicist and a transsexual were walking to the front of the theatre with promo stuff in their hands. No posters. Just T-shirts. The publicist talked for a moment then told us about the big surprise. There were pens strapped to our seats. But there weren't any more. Surprise. The troll won a T-shirt, anyone with a green pen won the green pen. The publicist left and the transsexual sat down. The movie began, and it was time to get to work. The review, once it was done, looked something like this:

The moon was full and there we were, in a dark movie theatre waiting for Monika Treut's *My Father is Coming* to begin. Wondering what a sex diva was. Wondering what a polysexual comedy was.

And getting excited. After all, Monika Treut has made some other features, one about sadomasochism called *Seduction: A Cruel Woman*, and one called *The Virgin Machine*. Use your imagination. *My Father is Coming* is at least as catchy.

THE OFFICIAL HERALD POLL

1. Circle one: MALE

FEMALE

2. What year are you in: 1 2 3 4 lost count

3. Name your favorite band: _____

4. Name your favorite movie: _____

5. Name your favorite book: _____

6. Name your favorite Politician: _____

7. (a) If you are male: Do you like wearing condoms during sex?

(b) If you are a female: Do you like using condoms while having sex?

YES NO

explain: _____

8. Name your favorite cuisine: _____

9. Name your favorite radio station: _____

10. Are you in favor of legalizing (recreational) drugs: _____

11. Are you single: _____

12. If you were American who would you have voted for: _____

13. Why do you read this paper: _____

When completed please drop off in either the Innis Herald office (room 305, third floor above caf. or in the Innis Herald mailbox, in main office.)
by John Stom

Annie Sprinkle is the best known performer in the film, a self appointed New Age goddess. She is apparently a "noted champion of sexual freedom in all forms." This means she puts her breasts on people's ears for fun and profit. She seems to work in all forms of expression too. Since leaving the glitter and grease of the porn world behind she has written articles, taught, become a performance artist, and become involved in music. She is a featured performer on the Hafler Trios' "Masturbation", a very cool CD.

We thought anything could happen with these two talented women together. And surprise! Technically speaking, the film is junk. The storyline is flimsy and wanders all over the place. Most of the bit players couldn't act their way through a phone sex commercial. When Annie Sprinkle does show up, she isn't very thrilling, or even a very good actress. You can take the actor out of porn, but you can't take the porn out of the actor.

So these things weren't so hot, but the movie is a success in spite of them. There are plenty of other things to capture the attention. All the strange and wonderful people you get to meet, for example. People like these:

Sultry young Vicki (Shelley Kastner). Waitressing is not her thing. New York has brought out all her angst and desire....

Fakir Musafar (as himself). Most people are content to hang up their clothes, but after a long day at work, Fakir takes it all the way: he hangs himself up. His one scene steals the show.

Ben (David Bronstein), who has three million Latin men to choose from and isn't about to pick up anybody unless they can prove they'd be useful around the house....

Joe (Michael Massei) is really cool, except he looks in the mirror all the time. He also keeps a picture in his wallet of a woman who is very close to him. How close? He isn't about to kiss and tell....

Hans (Alfred Edel), Vicki's father. He looks like a good natured cross between Danny DeVito and Ed Brubaker. He snuck some real Bavarian White sausage through customs, but he didn't know how soon he'd have to use it....

What there is of the story runs like this. Vicki's father Hans lands up in New York sooner than expected. He thinks she has a husband, so she recruits her roommate Ben to fill the role. Hans pisses her off because he is a success in NYC. In one week he lands an acting job and gets free Sprinkle therapy. Poor Vicki has had no offers for a year. But all that changes when she meets Joe in the hall. Then, as everyone's sex lives begin to heat up, things get more complicated, but never "deep".

Nothing in the plot is as complicated as trying to figure out what a sex diva is. A sex diva seems to be a person who has recognized who he/she is, both sexually and generally. This makes a sex diva much more than a mere liberated person. Liberated people are still defining themselves in relation to some other attitude. People can't simply be liberated: they have to be liberated from something. The divas here don't seem to be thinking in those confrontational terms.

The sex divas have done more than recognize themselves. They are also engaged in a celebration of themselves. This celebration can take any form at all, from Annie's cheeky shenanigans to Vicki's darkly erotic singing to Fakir's riveting performance. Let's put it another way. A sex diva is more than an overweight transvestite swathed in shiny red and yellow shrink wrap and attempting to lip sync opera. Monika Treut is presenting more than a safe romp through some kinky lifestyles. *My Father is Coming* is a demonstration of a different way of thinking about sex, one that is worth investigating. That way of thinking is bound up with the idea of polysexuality.

Since the divas have gone beyond simply being liberated, all the old distinctions between men and women, gay and straight start to break down. There just aren't any convenient categories to use. Modern medicine speeds up the breakdown by creating people who might not fit into existing categories. Is a woman who has a sex change still a woman? Or is she now a he? Maybe a genderless, category free thing, an it? One of the characters in the film offers a very interesting answer, but in the film there is no hard and fast answer, no hetero- or homo- or bi- status. There is only polysexuality, or pansexuality, a general awareness of and interest in sex.

Maybe I'm taking the whole thing too seriously. In *My Father is Coming* Monika Treut has reminded us that sexual life can be a big laugh and is a never ending process of sorting things out. As I watched the film I enjoyed and envied the characters for how comfortable they seemed to be, since I have (at least) my fair share of sexual paranoia.

Should you bother with it? The movie, of course. As always, that is entirely up to you. But if you are going to go, take it free and light and easy. The film won't be much fun any other way. This is more than a film about love or sex. It is a film that celebrates freedom. We all want to be free. To do what we want to do... (without being hassled by the man).

At the end of the screening, Mole and I left. We ranted and canted and decanted all the way to the nearest speedy food spot, spouting most of the things you've just read. We went in and did the usual things, ordering, waiting, waiting, getting our material, sitting down. And at the very moment when my tray of golden browned, starch enriched yum yums met the table, something about the evening came over me. I sat down and felt myself all over, fumbling for words, surprised and embarrassed, suddenly vulnerable, overcome by desire and a sense of loss.

Mole dumped his material out onto the tray and started applying some saucy material enhancer. "I can't believe that film affected you so much."

"It didn't," I mumbled into my drink. "I lost my pen." *

Independent Growth

by Steve Gravestock

The most heartening development in film over the last few years has been the new found maturity of American independent filmmakers. Small budget films used to be characterized by agitprop, and sophomoric, excessively earnest craft. The work of many of the newer independents is, however, stylish and wry, subtle and intelligent. On visual terms, these films can hold their own with almost any mainstream big-budget product.

Oddly enough, the new crop of filmmakers can to some extent be divided along gender lines. The men have preferred exercises in style; the women haven't been skimping on style, but their work has often had a lot more emotional depth. What follows is a short list of some of the more significant figures.

Rob Nilsson (*Signal 7, Heat and Sunlight*). Unfortunately, this San Francisco-based filmmaker's latest, about the homeless, wasn't included in this year's Festival line-up. The two films I've mentioned are notable for their improvisational feel - Nilsson captures the floating, lifelike atmosphere that critics praised Cassavetes for (erroneously) as well as a jaundiced sense of humour, capable of surprising twists. *Heat and Sunlight* maybe the best break-up movie ever.

Hal Hartley (*Simple Men, Trust, The Unbelievable Truth*). I avoided Hartley's work for years primarily because he struck me as a complete dweeb, and I didn't really trust the people who liked him. But I was happily surprised by *Simple Men*. It's an utterly empty allegory, but the acting has a pleasing wooden quality and visually he's elegant and succinct.

Quentin Tarantino (*Reservoir Dogs*). The year's most talked about debut, largely because of several extremely graphic and violent scenes. The critics, as usual, missed the point. While Tarantino's heist gone bad was obviously influenced by Scorsese's early work, its most salient aspect is the ensemble acting. Literally, everyone is brilliant especially Steve Buscemi as the weaselly member of the gang, and Michael Madsen as the psychotic one. The only problem with the film is that, like *Simple Men*, it's rather empty. Though it moves at such a rapid clip you don't really care.

Abel Ferrara (*Bad Lieutenant, Fear City, King of New York*). *Bad Lieutenant* is overrated and overacted, but it's so utterly horrendous it's definitely got a touch of genius. There are quite a few scenes that suggest, if Ferrara had reined things in a little, he might have had the truly daring movie everyone's trumpeting it as. *Keitel* is so awful, and so intent on baring his soul, he deserves a medal. (A friend said it felt as if he'd finally got his back for not getting to do the going mad scene in *Apocalypse Now*.) However, I wouldn't count Ferrara just yet. Fifteen years ago Tarantino would have made *Fear City*, Ferrara's first really major work.

Tom Di Cillo (*Johnny Suede*). A nice absurdist piece, with no ideas, but a great comic performance by Brad Pitt as a likeable, but utterly shallow nebbish who "Wants to date a model with only one name! And have her ply me with cocaine." Needless to say, he wants to be a rock star. Part fairy tale and part farce, *Johnny Suede* is obviously influenced by David Lynch. However, Di Cillo distills this influence effectively so you don't resent him.

Katt Shea Ruben (*Poison Ivy, Dance of the Damned, Streetwise*). Like Kitty Bigelow, Ruben has a great feel for genres traditionally (and stupidly) perceived as exclusively male provinces. *Poison Ivy* is her breakthrough movie, the best, most lubricious film noir in years, but her other work is just as interesting. *Dance of the Damned*, her existential vampire movie, is essential viewing. Few directors - even if they were armed with a huge budget - could do what Ruben achieves in a tiny, restricted space. She's the true heir to macho loners like Sam Fuller.

Stacy Cochran (*My New Gun*). A minimalist, absurdist number that has more emotion in it than far more pretentious works - it focuses on oppressed, bored shiteless housewife Dianne Lane and her attempts to escape her boorish horror of a husband. This ultra-hip movie takes place in the suburbs, but it's never condescending or self-congratulatory.

Allison Anders (*Gas Food Lodging*). Another rich, emotional lyric. It tatters every now and then, turning slightly maudlin a couple of times. Anders respects her characters - a single mother and her two daughters who live in a trailer park - and her audience too much to let this damage the mood. The film establishes lone Skye and Fairuz Balk as major talents. *

CINEMASTUDIES

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GREGGTOOLANFLASHBACKDAUGUARDINGTOKYOPEDOCUMETARYNELLISHMANEXHIBITION
OZAVERTOVMARQUETEDURASMARSHARETHEVONTROTASTAGECOACHETISHM
VOYEURISMFRERICOFICELLINICLAUDEVISTRAUSSJANAPULBELMONDOLOWESTERN
ORSONWELLESPSYCHOGEORGESMELIESACKIMPRESSISMSPANDROBERMANTAXI
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METZANTONIONIROLANOBARTHESANAMORPHICGENEANOTHATSNOTALLFOU...

One Night and Then—

A tale of the wilderness
In life's cycle:
The lesson
When a man loves
A midnight cupid
In the aisles of the wind.
One night and then—

As it is in life
A child's impulse.
The lure of the gown
The helping hand,
The chance deception,
The decree of destiny.
One night and then—

A cry for help
Over silent paths,
A plain song
In the season of buds.
Her punishment,
Her sacrifice.
One night and then—

A tale of the wilderness
In life's cycle:
The lesser evil
The voice of the child;
A rich revenge,
With her card
The ruling passion.

John Wekep

A T U O F T
CINSSU

SIGNS IN THE CINEMA INNIS TOWN HALL
7:00 PM

January 8 *The Passenger* Michelangelo Antonioni
January 15 *Surname Viet, Given Name Nam* Trinh T. Minh-Ha
January 22 *Made in U.S.A.* Jean-Luc Godard

I Got into a Fight with a Seal

the following conversation was found lying around and happily singing pretty songs to itself slightly out of tune on the floor of the Innis pub two afternoons:

"I thought he was falling, but he was only dancing." (only? I WAS dancing.)

My skin is hot

his tongue is too large

her banana is not ripe

yet

it can grow

grow the river flow of words

the beard that should not be

the eyes that imply all that is not

the mind that denies the real colour of her hair

red paint for passion that isn't there

growl at his nose and his soft

eyes that imply all that is not

of heat in my stomach

On God "What" the loudness of his voice

was supposed to be

meaningless

do not look at me and speak, you have customers and

I love you

too are you waiting for Godot?

If you want I saw a

don't

and I saw a

dead

leave the room and the looking in his

eyes that imply all that is not

of heat in my stomach

my mind I listen to you bark

as I buy something to eat

"You will all die"

I was tempted to barf

singing about saving the whales

but I doubt it.

I like puppy dogs.

and by the wayside:

"once in a while you can get shown the light in the strangest of places if you look at it right."

R. Hunter

Open Screening



Hart House Film Board January Screening

Wednesday, January 27, 1993, 8pm

Hart House - Room T.B.A.

We need your films

Aspiring filmmakers: Submit your 16mm,

Super 8, VHS or 3/4" films to the Porter's desk.

(3/4" must be received by Jan 20th.) All carefully labeled submissions will be returned.

HART HOUSE

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

Film, Food and Drink at the 1992 Hart House Film Board Contest

by Joey Schwartz

There was lots of free food, wine, beer, and some amazingly well crafted films at the Hart House Music Room last March 16. Why were such an assortment of fine diversions available? The Hart House Film Board's Annual Film Contest, of course. Eighty people attended what was certainly one of the most successful contests in recent years.

Film production is the Hart House Film Board's primary concern, since it supports its members by giving monetary grants and supplies them with 16mm and Super8 film production equipment, as well as 8mm videotape editing facilities. Thus, the contest is the culmination of the Board's efforts to promote student film production, by providing a venue for its members and the local independent filmmaking community to show off their films as well as a friendly atmosphere for filmmakers to intermix and exchange ideas. The contest is open to any University of Toronto student, staff or alumna.

The highlight of the evening was of course the screening. Ten films from seven filmmakers were shown, ranging from Ursula Cafaro's piece on wife battering *Woman Descending Stairs*, to the industrial/promotional works of James Morris's *Owl Rafting Promo Video* and Kathleen Cummins and Lou Mersereau's promo piece on the Friendship Cove Seniors Complex, *If it's Tuesday, This Must Be St. Thomas*. The final film of the night was Jazz Virk's send up of horror genre films, *No Rest*. Sean Jara's film *The Minotaur*, loosely based on the ancient Minotaur story, received special mention for its impressive use of sound collage and stunning black and white cinematography.

Innis College students swept all prizes. Blair Stapleton's experimental video, *Evolution*, took second place. His video fully exploited computer reprocessing to manipulate the abstract images by accentuating their brilliant colours, and further abstracting the imagery with a wonderful assortment of digital special effects. As well, these highly interesting images were combined with a great gothic/industrial soundtrack that made this piece a wonderfully "trippy" type of experience.

Aubrey Glazer's film, *Lines of Oblivion*, took first place. His film was an existential exploration of modern life ranging from the intercutting of shots of the Jewish custom of circumcision being performed, to shots of the dislocation of the Human, lost amongst the immensity of the megalopolises of New York and Toronto. The soundtrack layered counterpunctual sound montages with multilingual voice-over narration, quoting in Hebrew the prayer that is recited during circumcision; in French, out-takes from Semiotician Roland Barthes' *Image, Music, and Text*; and in Spanish, Ortega y Gasset's *Revolution of the Masses*.

Oblivion's cinematic style pays homage D.A. Pennebaker's *cinéma vérité* camerawork in *Don't Look Back*, which used very grainy black and white filmstock with Steeplechase-handheld camerawork. There was even a New York City tenement alley shot in *Lines of Oblivion* that looked almost identical to the opening sequence in Pennebaker's film. Other elements took on the appearance of an avant garde sensibility towards abstraction. Overall, the judges thought this was an ambitious film from a first time filmmaker.

Judging for the contest took place during the screening, by judges who are involved with different aspects of U of T's film community. Representing the Cinema Studies Program was Prof. Manuela Gerini, who teaches the Italian Cinema and the Neo-Realism courses. Mr. Steve Gravestock, a writer of film criticism for both the *Varsity* and the *Herald*, represented campus student newspapers. The Hart House representative was Ms. Judi Schwartz, who is Director of the Hart House Art Gallery and programme advisor for the Hart House Film Board. All of the judges commended the filmmakers for the high level of technical and artistic competence demonstrated in their films.

If you are interested in making films or just want to watch the early works of the next Atom Egoyan, the Film Board is already busy planning for next year's contest and will continue to operate over the winter to help fund and promote filmmaking on campus.*



Untitled

visualize the knife
lovingly placed before you

embrace its aural presence, archaic
wizard of ultimate desire

without incisions, no stiches can surrender
my lightless woodland haven

a war with one, a war without,
plunging into black fields of sleep

floating, waiting for the sirens, without assistance,
without water to wash this blood away

visualize the knife
lovingly placed before you

embrace its aural presence, archaic
wizard of ultimate desire

John Wekep

Write For The Innis Herald

this sound unforgotten...

by Toshiya Kuwabara

In the full blooded heat of the moment Tomas delivered the whip across Severin's arched back. In a cry of delirium, Severin could feel the burning mark it left on his fender skin. Searing the moment after the long whip had kissed his back. His blood boiled beneath the raw mark.

"Again," Severin cried and commanded with intensity, and again Tomas obeyed, striking with even greater force. Immediately, Severin's whole body convulsed. Half-naked and handcuffed to the wooden column, the steel handcuffs strained against the force of his movements, digging into the skin of his wrists. A brilliant stream of sunlight then shone through the cracks of the old cellar window. For that one eternal break in time, Severin imagined that painting of St. Sebastian, plunged brutally on either side by arrows. Blood slowly streaming down between his legs mixed with the sweat of ecstasy.

"Again," demanded Severin "again and again." Pricking the heart of Tomas' soul he whipped in an ecstatic frenzy of lashes (a fever gripped his whole mind with an uncontrollable blindness). The sound of the whip and the cries of pleasure relief. The smell of sweat and sensual raw flesh. The sight of lashes criss-crossed so vividly, almost unreal, on his arched back, thighs, calves, shoulders. The taste of the moment seized Tomas' palate.

"Now?" inquired Tomas, pausing so slightly.

"Yes. You can stop now," Severin answered. The orgy of passion stilled, filled the dark room with a calm quietness, of undefined serenity. The satiation carried a warm tenderness through their hearts. "Thank you," said Severin as he kissed Tomas' neck while he unfastened him.

The steely shine of the cuffs indebted with the silent rattle of its links stirred a passion deep between them, betrayed only by Severin's admiration of the marks it'd left on his wrists. These few remembrances of the immediate past, Tomas kissed with earnest feeling and honest care.

Looking into each others' deep resonant gazes, they embraced, lips fused together, the raw heat of their anxious breaths mingled with chthonic charge. Severin immediately delved his tongue deeply into Tomas' expectant mouth. Tomas held him even more tightly, to feel him closer, to feel the glistening sweat on his naked skin, to feel him deep inside of him, demanding its full length without relent.

Tomas then led Severin up a small spiral staircase, fraught with rusted iron out of the small earthen cellar and into the fragile warmth of his bedroom. One unlike any Severin had seen it brought a smile to his face that was enigmatic yet unguarded.

There was a cool tatami floor, sliding wood-paper doors and a single futon with a dazzling cover. Kneeling down, Severin breathed in the intoxicating atmosphere of ethereal tranquility. The silent

undercurrent of passion flooded his mind with past images, lost moments, insistent desires.

With a soft white towel dampened with a cleansing water, Tomas wiped Severin's body with such tenderness and expectancy that it overwhelmed him. Smiling gratefully, he removed the rest of his clothes to feel the cool touch of Tomas' towel, strong hands, moist breath, lustful yearnings and languid calls for pleasure.

When Tomas was finally done cleaning Severin's bare skin, he brought his kisses to bear upon it and caressed the scars Severin was so proud of. Sighing, he rolled onto his back so that Tomas could take the height of his rising passion, so rigid, so strong, into his eager mouth. Slowly, Tomas swallowed the length of Severin's desire, which had hardened with a glorious intensity. Deeper and deeper into his mouth, Severin felt blinded, and rippled his fingers through the thick, dark sheen of Tomas' hair.

And when Severin cried out, his mind dissolved. He could feel the depths of their souls merging, smashing all conscious boundaries. The hot passage of his reverent lust spilled into Tomas' open, expectant mouth. The moment carried itself forever with no beginning or ending. Only the echoed pounding of their heartbeats could be heard. Nothing else mattered. Nothing else existed.

Gently kissing Tomas, Severin wrapped his legs around his strong back while his hands reached fervently for his shoulders, clutching them with a carnal decadence. "Fuck me," he whispered. "Fuck me like never before," he growled in anticipation. With that Tomas sheathed his growing passion slowly, enjoying the pleasure he derived from it, applying the glistening gel, and plunged himself into Severin as far and as deep as possible, groaning with pleasure, drowning out Severin's cries of pleasure at the strength of Tomas' whole body, which was encapsulated in his sex. Eyes closed, the bathing sweat from his chest dripped into Severin while he clawed his back, caressed his neck, buried his teeth into his shoulder and demanded more—more lust, more fury, more blinding release. It was the ultimate pleasure for Tomas to be so carnal, so himself in an obsessively decadent world.

Suddenly, the primal in Tomas' heart roared as he finally came. The hot rush of viscous liquid charged him, driving his pounding heart like a hammer. The muscles in his body shuddered in a rhythmic spasm, uncontrollable, feeling neither alive nor dead, but somewhere in its midst. Rebirth. A sense of absolute dissolution of the mind and oneness with the body: released and yet still encapsulated. Crying out in ecstasy together, if was a vocal scar of uninhibited emotion, of unfounded instinct finally realized. Such a raw sound that it burst the air and splattered their naked bodies with an earthen glow, luminous. Holding each other, side by side, they fell asleep under the echoing light of this sound unforgotten.

I Saw A Gory Murder

by Fifi Duva

Have y'all ever seen somebody die? I have. I mean in real-life, not like in "The Faces of Death"; I'm talkin' 'bout one human killing another in cold blood, with physical confrontation and innards spilt. I'll tell ya how it happened...

'Two years ago, I was out with my three best buddies. We were out in Benny LeCorp's worboat - It's a flatbottom steel boat, a big punt really, with a bitch of an outboard for haulin' timber. Anyhow, Leezza an' I were swimmin' in the swamp beside her brother's boat, tryin' not to make too much noise so we could listen to the 'gators. At night they make these growlin' sorta gruntin' noises, and the four of us'd take a big poaching light hooked up to a car battery, an' some pot, and beer out to splash an' joke around. Leezza an' I were the only ones who'd go swimmin' - our brothers were too chicken. Her bro' Benny'd also bring his saw'd-off shotgun and we'd shoot at the 'gators in the distance a few times, in case they decided to get rowdy.

So now Leeza an' I slid gently into the water so's not to attract any unwanted attention from any pesky critters (like "gators" for example, or water moccins, tho' mocc's're usually pretty yeller) and we'd tread water an' drink beer in the warm bayou. The backswamps're always warmer than the Mississippi and its environs 'cause they're so fast movin' whereas the swamp kinder sits there an' decays. That's why it smells so sweet. Even in the winter-time it's warm enough to swim in the swamp - what winter we have here in Louisiana. Benny was smokin' a cig in th'boat, maybe weed, and his face glowed red as he sucked. Everything was quiet except for our gentle splashin' and splashing and the eerie croakin' of the 'gators.

"Hey, Hair!" I yelled to my brother (his real name's Harrison) who was in the boat with Ben. I told 'im t'shine the light on them ugly "alley-gators", so he flicked on the big poaching light and panned it across the swamp. In the distance a bunch of purple jewels glittered stupidly - "gator eyes. They were still far away but Leeza an' I climbed back into the boat because they can come up from underneath ya and drag you down, but we figger it's pretty safe to jump in for a few minutes before they get used to ya. Leeza an' I're best friends an' so're our brothers so it's a pretty cool arrangement. Our families have known eachother for over a hundred years. We're almost kin.

'Yall wanna know about that murder, yeah? Well, ok, I'm comin' that'. Back in the boat we picked the bloodsuckers off eachother by the light of my Gramma's old Zippo, and the one's that wouldn't come off, Leeza an' I'd bum off with cigarettes. Y'gotta be careful though not to burn y'self. It's an art. So we picked off the leeches while we sal drinkin' an' tokin', just shootin' the shit an' chewin' the fat. Ben and Harry were eatin' my Dad's fresh beignets and they had white powder 'round their mouths, so we made "Jazz Singer" jokes. Then we cut the lights and motor completely to listen to the swamp and it was deafening. The frogs (tree and bull), crickets, 'gators, an' all manner of unidentified things were crankin' it out as we each grabbed a pole. The four of us poled the flatboat quickly through the lillies and sweet night-bloomin' orchids, smokin' an' thinkin'. We came to the edge of the brush where a tangle of mangroves'd stop the boat from driftin' an' stared at ev'rthin' around us.

It was actually a beautiful sight: the moon was full and all the stars were out. Since the misty fog had lifted hours ago, it seemed unnaturally clear. The water was like a tinted window, completely flat. It looked like black glass you could walk across, edged around with fat cypress trees, an' Spanish moss. A big ol' heron flew low through this watery holler, and smacked right into a bat. We all sniggered 'cause we saw it comin'. That's how clear it was - ya could see evn detail, unfortunately.

"Roll me another," Ben told Harry, but Hal's response died in his throat I reckon, 'cause he said nothin'. Benny warn't lookin' for an answer anyhow. We were all lookin' at the beautiful boat that glided quietly to the middle of the pond. She glided in like a ghost, like no-one was drivin' er', a modest-sized Bayliner. She didn't get here by accident, though, 'cause it's no mean feat to manoeuvre one of those bables around this swamp at night. Whoever was at the wheel was therefore from around here, but none of us ain't never seen that nice boat before. Anyway it was only twenty feet from us an' the

current was pushin' it closer to us, sideways-like, pretty fast. In our little (compared to that 'un) boat we were hidden behind the 'groves but we could see through their spindly, wimpy top branches perfectly. We slapped the skitters and waited for somethin' t'happen.

We didn't hafta wait long. Two men came out and stood at the wheel, so we could only see 'em from the waist up. One looked familiar. I'm usually plenty good with faces but it was dark...well, they both had Southern accents although one sounded like he's from 'Bama mebbe, not N'Awlins' anyhow. They were real quiet, but we could still hear 'em. The ugly one with the handlebar moustache spit some "backy into the water an' wiped his lip, then he called the other guy a "bastard prick", real quietly. It was spooky. Ya knew somethin' was a 'onna happen.

The other guy was young, the familiar-lookin' one, and not bad lookin'. Nice bod. Maybe he wan't even familiar-lookin', jus' generic: blonde hair, blue eyes, beautiful tan. He picked up a machete and hacked the Mr. Hanlebar Moustache in the chest...Jus' lifted that sucker up with both hands and swung it down into the ugly guy's chest. That good lookin' guy musta been plumb evil. The dark ugly guy had put his hand up, and ya could see part of his hand kinda flip over, and fall off, but he wan't screamin'. Maybe he was in shock... by now we'd all looked at eachother, and looked down at benny's saw'd-off S.G. lyin' on the flicor in the boat. But then we heard a pistol shot. We whiplashed our heads back to the action, which was now only eight or ten feet away, due to the th'current an' all, and saw the ugly guy leanin' over the edge of the boat, dead. Looked like he had been shot in the shoulder, but he was upside-down to us, arched over the side, so it coulda been the heart. The gun was in the blonde guy's belt.

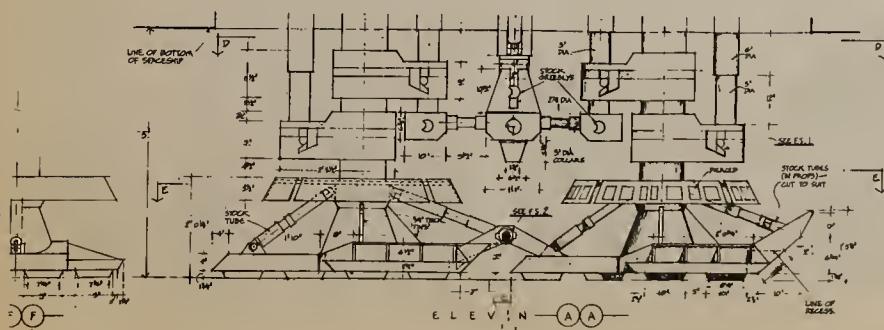
Finally the blonde picked up the machete again, and pulled on the lifeless body. The dead guy's eyes seemed to be lookin' right at us, now five feet away. The Bayliners drifted so close it was almost outta focus. The boat and both men were covered in brownish blood. By the light of the moon it all seemed fake, like a fuckin' black'n'white film. The good lookin' guy finished pullin' the guy into the boat, and his corpse fell to the floor. Then we heard hackin' sounds, an' the blonde looker gruntin' an' talkin' himself under his breath, somethin' we all could not make out. The blonde washed the machete in the water. Kinda dopey if y'ask me – the boat was coated in blood – but we figured the smelly blood from the weapon'd draw the 'gators in a while. Guess he figured it too.

He threw the head of the other guy overboard. It didn't sink, but he didn't notice. Eventually it did — maybe he knew it would. Then he threw a leg over, an' the arms an' torso. By now he was right against our mangrove screen, three feet away, an' we were startin' to get chicken an' crouched down. We heard 'im start the boat an' drive away, and when the motor'd faded away in the distance (we made sure), we stood up, and noticed his boat-wake had stirred up a kinder human-stew, with arms an' legs 'steada victuals. The ugly guy's body parts bobbed 'round on the surface of the still-chummin' water.

We just set there. Finally Leezah drawls, "Lordy shee-it". We still didn't move. We couldn't say nothin' but cussin' for about three minutes. It was amazin'. Hair said he felt kinder sick after eatin' all those beignets. After a while, we saw a big mouth open an' close 'round an arm, and it disappeared. Benny grabbed the sawd-off, an' scared way the 'gators. The kickback knocked him on his ass. Hair laughed. He told Benny never t'forget about the "re-coil". Benny was pretty calm though and said he was gonna pick up the ugly guy's decapitated head and put it in the fish bucket an' take it home before the 'gators ate it, so the sheriff could tell who t'was from his face or his dental records. That sounded like perfect sense t'us, so that's what he did. When he picked up the ugly guy's head by his hair, the face looked even uglier, dippin' blood an' scum an' grimacin' like that an' all. Whooh, it gave me the fuckin' heebie-jeebies. Then I heard a weird noise, I guess I warn't the only one, 'cause all the way back we all said "what was that?", or "didja see that?". We all had the willies. I still feel like someone was watchin' us.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE.

Fiction



Xenophon and Og

David Morris

A column addressing the metaphysical, physical and just plain absurd.



O: Our first question for this month's column is 'Do you think Derrida's critique of logocentrism has anything to do with the length of this fall's skirts?'

X: Well, neither of us really know what Derrida meant by 'logocentrism'.

O: Actually, neither of us has read Derrida, and it doesn't look like we're going to get the time.

X: In fact, I recently gave a copy of one of Derrida's books to one of Og's more primitive friends, who tossed it into his bonfire, cooked a leg of something or other over it, and made up a couple of myths that made things a lot clearer for him than Derrida could. Which just goes to show you that bricolage can be applied to literacy.

O: Anyway, we thought we'd try to answer the question despite our ignorance.

X: which is what we do all the time.

O: - by trying to elucidate the meaning of logocentrism from the word itself.

X: We figure that 'logo' usually means a symbol that stands for something else (a concept), and is usually associated with words as symbols, as in the word 'neologism'.

O: 'Centrism' obviously refers to the fact that the 'logos' is central to whatever is logocentric. So we concluded that 'logocentrism' was a condition in which the meaning of the word, or the use of words themselves is taken to be more important than other things.

X: So it follows that logocentrism

does affect the length of skirts, in the same way that length of the measurement 'foot' affects the way our houses look.

O: Yeah, if you go around with a yard stick measuring doorways and shelves in your house, you'll find that the size of things fit in neatly with our measurement system. It's really terrifying.

X: The way we measure things affects the way we build things, because we assign importance to the way we articulate measurement. So if we assign importance to the way we articulate more complex things, through the artifice of words, then we are certainly going to affect the way we think about things, like the length of skirts.

O: Derrida, of course (or so we've heard), didn't actually have anything to do with skirts, so we don't know why you asked this question in the first place. The next question is 'How many roads must a man walk down?'

X: Aside from considerations of syntax, I'd say the answer to this question is 2,5 or 2 in a really good life.

O: I disagree with you there,

Xenophon. I haven't walked down any roads, and probably won't get the chance, as they haven't been invented yet.

X: Well, I'm sure you could make a killing in the paving business, you greedy capitalist.

O: The next question is 'Why were there mashed potatoes in the quiche?'

X: I personally think that we're going to have to refer to a rather obscure source for the answer to that one, namely Julius Childus, an ancient Roman who wrote a book whose title translates (roughly) as 'Good to Eat: Why?'

O: Childus refers to an organ, located in the left foot, in which the humours which respond in ecstatic little dances to the various impressions and sensations which the particles and matters of the food leave upon the tongue by the various pressures and interactions of the fluid of the ether with the heavy parts of the body, coalesce. This organ is described as the organ of gustatory judgment.

X: So, it seems that this organ in the person who made the quiche went awry, a process which (conceivably) could be accompanied by a sound effect which can be transcribed as 'blooeyooeyunkunkunk'.

O: Or, more probably, the person who made the quiche has no left foot.

X: Which means they wouldn't be any good at dancing either.

O: But who'd want to dance with a person who put mashed potatoes in a quiche?

X: But anyway, we've got to move on to the next question which is also about cuisine. Is Room 338 anything like Room 101 in Orwell's 1984?



O: For those of you who don't know, Room 338 is a restaurant at the corner of Huron and Harbord whose facade can only be described as 'Vile Green'.

X: And Room 101 is the room where you confront your most horrifying nightmares, brought to life by the supplicants of Big Brother with loving attention and gut heaving verisimilitude.

O: So for me, personally, they are very much the same. I often have nightmares about 'Vile Green'. Vile green as an abstraction is, for those of you who are wondering, eminently more horrible than a particular occurrence of that colour. It is all encompassing in an evil sort of way, like a bad TV show. Eastman Kodak talks about this in his essay on colour theory, and claims that 'Vile Green' has an 'Evil Index' of 9.6, which is pretty high. My worst dreams about the colour had me drowning in a vat of vile green jello that was hovering between a liquid and colloid state. As I struggle to the top, I kept on fearing that the jello would gel and trap me in it, like some sliced banana in an evil chef's jello mold. The problem was

compounded by the fact that the jello tasted like vile green limes, and-

X: Yes well, you can see that Rooms 338 and 101 do have some similarities. Our next question is kind of difficult. The question is how reason is determined in itself and what its relation is to the world concides with the question, what is the ultimate purpose of the world?

O: Which reminds me of something I once read in Heidegger-

X: Yes.

O: That's your answer.

X: Yes.

O: Well, ok, I think we're going to ask the readers for an answer to that one. You can send them to the editor.

X: The next question is 'What's an aglet?'

O: An aglet is the plastic thing that they put on the ends of a shoelace.

X: What I'd like to know is who 'they' is in that statement is. Og? Obviously money grubbing industrialists out for money, providing services that nobody needs. I mean, who needs shoelaces anyway. I get along just fine with the buckles on my sandals and furthermore.

X: To return to the question at hand, they were invented in the 1920's by a disgruntled mathematician who became a cobbler and realized that people spent 48 hours of their lives trying to push frayed shoelaces through holes.

O: The last question is 'Heet me Jeffrey, heet me.'

X: Absolutely.

O: But is it legal?

Readers! Please send in question on any topic, no matter how absurd, or how serious.

The Best Of



• INNIS HERALD •

Innis Harold

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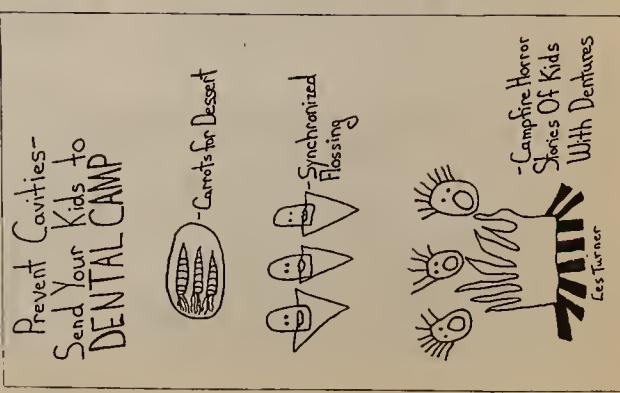
THE INNIS HERALD

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Making-out An in depth study at Innis College

Where they lie
 1. Joe and Eva
 2. Fred and Mariana
 3. Barry and Linda
 4. Rick and Sue
 Hot new Chart chargers:
 Les and Lynn
 George and Myra

There has been a startling new revelation made by our distinguished member without portfolio, the Hon. Bill McMartin. He has reported that the hot water consumption of the radiators has been mysteriously low for the cold weather season. Why should there be this apparent lack of hot water consumption when most Innis II "old faithfuls" would agree that the Innis II common room is adequately heated.

A royal commission has been appointed by the Hon. Mr. McMartin. He has chosen the incessant inquisitive mind of Lawrence Dohkin to investigate the phenomenon. After days of constant investigation and devoted dedication (i.e. skipping classes) Mr. Dohkin has found the answer to the mystery. It is the natural generation of body heat that has kept the common room warm.

Making-out is the current passion. No longer can upstanding virtuous and innocent college students vegetate in their own synchronized incremental projection, they must now be exposed to this indecent, but wonderfully satisfying, (if you're doing it,) disregard for college mores.

Through my investigation, it was difficult to decide who was the make-out artist who started all this licentious activity. The sex appears to fall on Rick and Sue, although Joe and Eva say that they will not stand for this gross insult.

Since each couple has seen fit to conduct their making out over immense periods of time, I have had to rate them according to enthusiasm and frequency. Joe and Eva appear to be a shade ahead of Fred and Mariana but Barry and Linda have been making their jump. It only goes to show what big business has been saying to young men for years - if you keep trying harder, success will eventually be brought to a great climax.

Now a word about the hot new chart chargers. Les and Lynn have lost considerable time and ground to the other make-out kings and queens but if they put all their energy into it they can possibly burst into the top five next week. Myra, that delectable wench, is apparently put off by George's interest in the stock market. Whenever there is an opportunity to register make-out time, George is busy listening to quotations from his salesman.

Can you imagine what this licentious behaviour could lead to? Well, possibly even stag movies. To this Hon. B. McMartin stated, "Let's urge the

other Innis males to stimulate their latent make-out talents."

Since all newspapers try to disseminate knowledge and search for truth, I tried to discover the secrets of these artists. Make-out artists are a strange breed - they skip lunches, and they do not breathe like us mortals, for heavy breathing does offend.

I went directly to the number one couples for their secrets. Needless to say, the artists were not receptive to revealing their secrets. As one said: "If she comes, she comes; if she don't no skin off my lips."

It's a frustrating sight to see unoccupied males sitting in the common room with their tongues hanging out, their fingers twitching and sweat rolling down their foreheads. They cannot bear the sight of these making-out sessions. They cannot help thinking that their fees might increase the following year to pay for new couches. Making-out is very hard on vinyl.

After a careful study of the making-out phenomenon, I began realizing that there were certain hardships and problems that the artists had to face. First of all, they must miss classes in order to satisfy their selfish needs. There is no way that any one of the top three couples could remain in their present position if they went to classes. And if they did go to all their classes, they would need their heads examined.

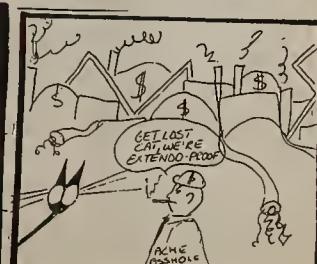
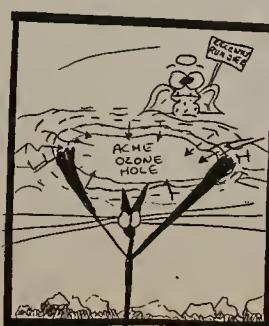
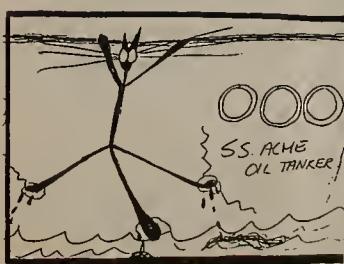
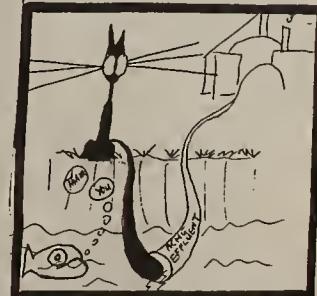
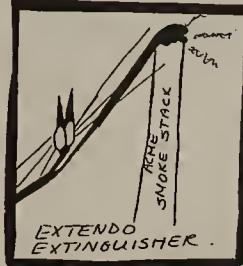
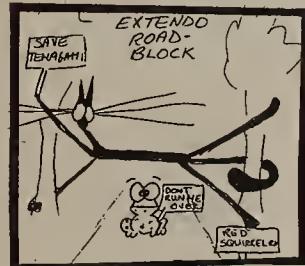
If you make out all Friday afternoon what do you plan to do Friday night when you take her out? When you get home from school, your mother asks you how you made out at school. Blood rushes to your head and your palms sweat. Naturally you are reluctant to answer because she thinks that all higher learning centres around the library - which is not the case.

You pass on germs that cause tooth decay. You pass on germs that cause tonsillitis. Girls acquire the habit of pulling down their short skirts even though they may be wearing slacks at the time.

Even the best woman's hair spray will not hold when these Tarzans get excited. You are bothered by minor ailments such as stiff necks, wrenched backs, twisted knee ligaments, bruised tongues, chipped teeth, redness of the skin, permanently curled toes, and eye-lids that will not open. It's a demanding activity but it's rewarding because where else do you get that warm feeling of giving and getting.

(Editor's note:) Just before press time, Linda, no. 3, decided to disown Barry and go steady. This now leaves Barry high and dry. When I tried to learn his reactions to this setback he was surprisingly calm. In a typically philosophical manner, he said, "You know, making-out is like assembling cars - the parts are always the same, but it is interesting how they always manage to fit perfectly into the right place."

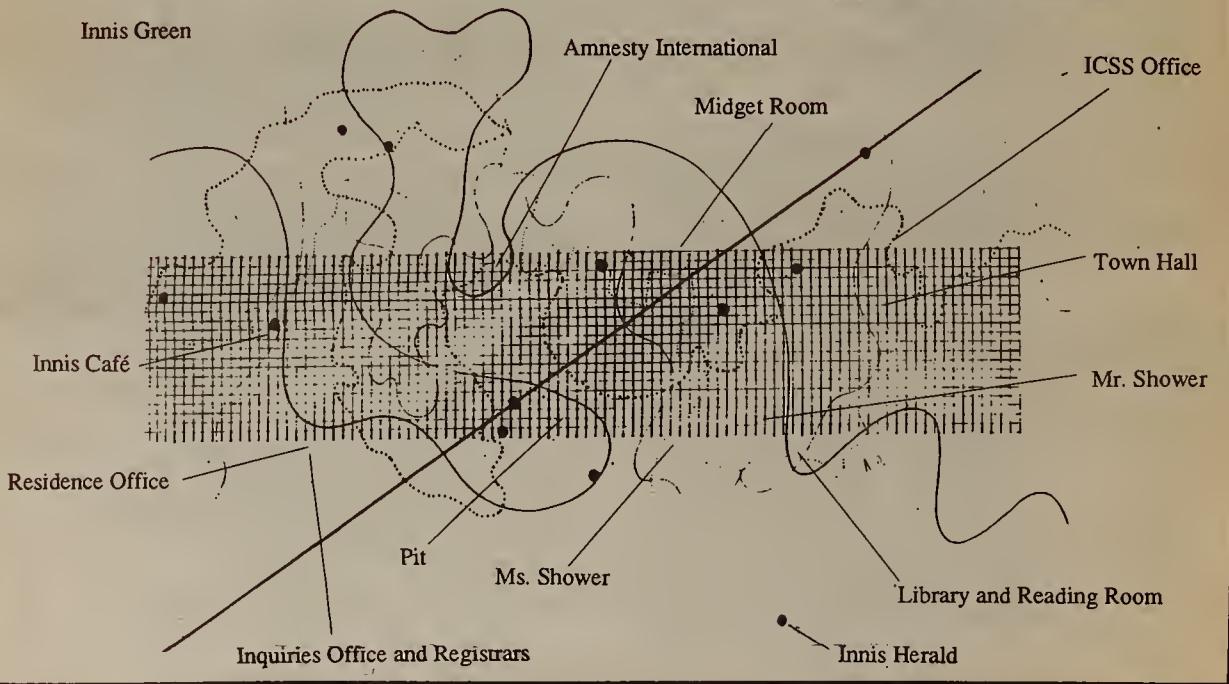
by Jim Zero II



Cheri Burda

INNIS COLLAGE

Cartography: John Cage (*Fontana Mix (1958)*)



Dead Serious

Ricky Campbell



"Nobody wins."
Bob Weir
(after a particularly good
"Candyman")

What is it about rock n' roll? Is our screwed-up massively repressed society so screwed-up and so massively repressed that we need to do the do to the point where we can't do the do anymore? I mean let's say that a rock n' roll show is the only place large amounts of people can get out all that stuff we've got blocking our various psychological pipes. Do we have to go for broke to the point where the opportunity to flush is removed by an angry and quaking society?

Yes!

All right, so somebody said yes after reading that I didn't, because I don't know yet. When someone attends a classical gig, they sit politely and leave the show just as anal retentive as they were when they went in to the theatre. At a rock show, some people get so wasted they miss the show and wake up the next morning feeling like their intestinal tract got scrubbed out with steel wool. Is that any better? Well, I went to see Neil Young once with no more protection than a Molson Golden in me. One Molson Golden. And I don't even like Molson Golden. Did I still flush my pipes? (Not a dry seat in the house? We're talking Neil Young here folks, not the Beatles in '64.) Well, I did feel better. I didn't have the celebratory bone-shakin' freak out that comes with just about every Grateful Dead show I've seen. Maybe one more Golden would have done it?

Naahhhh!

The Dead have made a mistake. I know it. They know it. Deadheads know it. They invited the mass rock n' roll audience to the bone shakin' whatsit and as a result they're paying a heavy price. What was the mistake?

Folks, they put out a record.

Yes. A record. Their first studio album in nine years. They released a single. It went to the top ten and stayed there for a long time. The band received unprecedented coverage. "You mean they're still around?" You must be joking. They must be old fat farts by now for sure! Yes, they are, but up until now they didn't have the great unwashed going to see them. With the release of *In The Dark*, the Dead world turned upside down. And then the world turned the Dead upside down. Van Halenheads and Neil Youngheads and Megadethheads are now attending Dead shows and they are bringing their baggage with them.

Up until 1987, a large and faithful contingent of Deadheads attended their shows, spacing out, dancing furiously, jumping into buses, vans and wing and a prayer Beetles to follow the never ending tour wherever it may have led--Toronto, Egypt, Tampa, Paris, Angel's Camp...and guess what! No real bad scenes in any towns. Even the smallest, most isolated village would fill up with freaks, reap profits from freak tour-dollars then watch them and the band pull out leaving the town richer, but basically as they found it. (Except for an increase cosmic karma. Who was that masked fat, bearded freak and his friends?) "Deadheads leave only footprints" was the motto. Townspeople were mightily

impressed. Cops were amazed. Maybe somewhere along the way we got too smug about it.

Then the band thought, well...Jerry didn't die, we all feel pretty creative...let's put out a studio album and release a single...

ZAP!

"Touch of Grey" a silly, boppy little tune with ironic lyrics went chart busting. Everybody liked the song (except metal heads, Jim Sheddem, my mother, and a lot of Deadheads who would rather not hear it again in their lifetime) and the next thing the band knew, there was an unprecedented demand to see these fat old farts take their cosmic ride. The fallout has been less than glorious. "This was never meant to be a private party" said band lyricist Robert Hunter but at the same time this popularity threatened to end the party for good and all.

Oops.

The Grateful Dead's popularity has ruined the chances of Deadheads seeing them in some of their classic venues, because now when these gigs happen (smaller venues). 3500-8000 seaters) everybody and his brother's sister's cousin turns up hoping that they can get the vaunted "miracle ticket" and get close enough to see up Bob Weir's nose. If they don't get in, a lot of these new fans do what they might do if Van Halen played at a small venue and they didn't get in. They trash the area surrounding the venue.

The latest example has been Oakland, California, where the band did their usual Chinese New Year's shows in the tiny Henry J. Kaiser Auditorium. Mail order only for tickets. Those who didn't get a ticket, were politely asked by

the band to stay away. (The area surrounding the theatre is residential.) What happened? Too many people without tickets arrived. There was copious abuse of substances. There was pissing on people's lawns. There was puking on people's lawns. There was general obnoxiousness in people's faces.

I have to ask, who the hell are these jerks? This didn't happen before the release of *In The Dark*. The Dead, of course, couldn't have known that this album would produce a new breed of fan. Now this new breed of fan threatens to end it for all of us. (Rick's panicking, thinks Nick.) Oakland has decided they don't want the Dead back in their city. The Dead don't blame them. Before a petition being prepared by the townspeople was even presented to them they cancelled a series of concerts planned there for late spring. One of the last brilliant venues for this brilliant band is gone. This has been going on for some time. The Dead asked last summer that people clean up their act, that fans police themselves, or the bus to Never Never Land would come to a grinding halt. Some of us have heeded the warning. Cosmic Recyclers who recruit people to clean up during and after gigs are one example. But the message is not getting through to the party animals.

"All this sounds like alcohol-related behaviour," said a Deadhead pal of mine. Another told me not to worry and that I was being reactionary about the whole thing. Well, we'll see. I talked with some Dead organizational people last summer and I don't think they were being reactionary.

(They're just worried about losing the best job available on the planet Earth.)

Okay so I'm bitching, but this pissing on lawns business isn't even what I would call revolutionary behaviour. It's just dumb. Perhaps it was only one person who did it. Maybe Oakland will relent later this year. Maybe all these redneck jerks will stop walking through the vending areas at Dead shows with giant beatboxes blaring Megadeth, selling Jack Daniels at a buck a crack. (Yes, I bought one once.) Maybe Jerry Garcia will go on the Oprah diet. Maybe Bob Weir will stop playing "Big River". Maybe people will realize what a good thing this Dead trip is and stop parking their cars on middle-class birdbaths. Maybe I'm just blowing off steam.

But the only thing I want to know from anybody at any Dead show, including the ones pondering watering Gladys and Harry Bleepburg's prize American Beauties is "Are you kind?"



The Fish Bowl Served As A Perfect Jello Mould The Guppies Were Suspended In A Pleasing Pattern

Fuzz History

Andrew Liebmann

Yes, the rumors are true: Fuzz has deserted us for the boys of Devonshire house. The fact that he will get better pay, better hours, a better office, and a sauna are only incidental: Fuzz is a shameful, disloyal, ungrateful, turncoat, Benedict Arnold traitor!

His defection hurts me especially deeply because I have been getting to know him better than most students do (sympathy card may be addressed c/o *The Herald*). As well as being insulted and degraded everytime he sees me (which happens to everyone), I also work for Fuzz in the Pub three days a week, and I referee football with him on weekends.

After many hours in the car with him I have learned the secret of his soul: He likes two Dutchies and a large orange drink after games in Pickering.

Actually, knowing Fuzz (or Mike Friend as his mother used to call him -- before even she forgot), is a lot like playing trivial pursuit. There's nothing big to know (except his waist size), but there is an endless amount of trivial and unconnected information that will keep popping up about the man.

For instance, even though it may seem that Fuzz was born in Innis and found in the beer fridge yelling insults through his thick beard, he actually has a past.

I have heard from an occasionally reliable reliable source (Fuzz) that the young Mike Friend grew up in the east end, and was a big boy

always interested in sports. In fact, Fuzz claims he has not grown an inch since he was ten years old (or was that grade ten? Who cares, he also says that he doesn't drink). As a somewhat large lad, he found himself a natural for football and has been involved with the sport ever since. High School was also the place where he got his nickname because of his big beard, not as is sometimes suggested, because he used to be a policeman.

That's right, a policeman. He also belonged to an outlaw "Motorcycle Club". Well, actually he was working undercover for Metro's finest, or so the story goes.

I've never heard what made him leave the police force, but whatever it was it didn't slow him down much. He worked as a mechanic in a garage, did construction and renovation, and made big bucks refereeing football all over the province. One of the guys I now work with was once talking to a coach during half time, and both of them remembered Fuzz throwing flags at them in their high school days -- throwing to maim, no doubt.

Oh, yeah: somewhere in there he also went to University. This university, and strangely enough, this college! I don't know what he finally got his degree in (probably "General Arts" -- those were the old days before the Kelly system), but I also know that he started in Engineering and ended up taking courses in everything he could, passing some of them too.

Now, Fuzz has managed to become an integral part of the university. He's done this mainly by just hanging around for fifteen years or so. Whatever needed to be done Fuzz was always around to do it, whatever needed to be fixed, Fuzz knew how to fix it, and whenever there was a seemingly minor detail to take care of Fuzz could always handle it. Maybe it will work for Jim too.

But now he's gone, all those tales of wildness and debauchery, will live on only in memory. Tales of financing the I.C.S.S. by illicit sales over the bar in the pub, of shady acquisitions from his old buddies who could get "a good deal", and of the totally unfounded but persistent rumour that he was only breeding poisonous snakes and vicious reptiles to keep small children from playing in his yard. He does hate kids, but he'd probably prefer to run them down with his car (which bears a striking resemblance to the Deathmobile). Besides, Sue made him get rid of the poisonous snakes; now the most dangerous thing he breeds are constrictors, and alligators, and crocodiles, and ...

Now he's gone -- or is he? I seem to see him around an awful lot: maybe he gets lonely for the old alma mater. Maybe he is having second thoughts, or maybe he just likes the people. Whatever it is, try to be nice to an old man as he wanders wistfully through the corridors of his youth.



Aesthetics

Fuzz Say: Colour Me Gone

Dennis Duffy

Francis Coppola's *Apocalypse Now* hit me as no other film ever has, and my mind still reels too giddily for me to produce anything like a review of it. Besides, you've read the reviews already. Yet the film has lodged one question in my mind that needs answering before any of the others can be tackled.

The question: why did this superb visual artist make so very literary a film? Everyone knows, of course, how dependent it is for its content upon Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. Kurtz, the journey up-river, "the horror, the horror", all these and more stem from a deliberate following of the distinguished novella that in 1898 ushered in the Modernist era in literature in English. So intent is Coppola in following the details of the story that, as the film critic Joe Medjuck pointed out to me, the director actually leaves a hole in the plot of his movie. If Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) is accosted from time to time by American agents who have been flown up the river to intercept him with information for his mission, then why hasn't he been flown up like them? Are we to believe that even the U.S. military would send him the slowest way? Of course not, but Conrad's story has the river, and so must Coppola.

But the literariness of the film is confirmed more strikingly by its form than by its content. There, the formal debt is owed to T.S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* (1922) the best-known single poem in English in this century. Strangely enough, tough characters in the film quote from two other poems of Eliot ("The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and "The Hollow Men"). The *Waste Land* is never mentioned. Yet the camera lingers over two volumes on Kurtz' bed table, both of them works admitted by Eliot as instrumental in his composition of his modern epic of public chaos and private pain.

A lunatic who has set himself as a ruler (in the style of Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King") in the Cambodian jungle would not be expected to have Jessie L. Weston's "From Ritual to Romance" and Sir James Frazer's "The Golden Bough" as immediate

reading matter. Small arms manuals and catalogues of military hardware would be less unusual, but Coppola, at the risk of appearing pedantic, wants his viewers to grasp his larger purpose.

For if those volumes on rituals, sacrifices and fertility rites first alert the reader to the poems buried beneath the surface of the film, then at least one other grotesque detail takes on a new significance. The stylishly savage Colonel Kilgore's penchant for accompanying his helicopter attacks with the strains of Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" springs from more than a liking for boom-and-thump symphonic grandeur. As many others, and most notably the Canadian scholar William F. Bisset, have pointed out, Wagner's music-dramas were central to Eliot's composition. They not only gave him stories of weak and dying kings whose lands needed to be renewed through water and salvation (*Parsifal*) but in their richly associative musical form gave Eliot a model for poetic experience. This model of associative form enabled Eliot to discard the devices of narrative and expository sequence, and to produce the disjointed, mosaic, "difficult" form of *The Waste Land*.

And that form is exactly that of *Apocalypse Now*. More than one reviewer has railed against the arbitrariness of the plotting and the way in which narrative incidents follow each other in an order that doesn't appear particularly compelling or progressive. Exactly, and yet out of this approach, this symbolist, operatic, associative form composes a series of images and incidents playing with death and rebirth by water, with the search for some sort of spiritual equilibrium (did you notice how frequently Sheen and others carry out Tai Chi exercises whose point is the restoration of inner harmony?), and with the final, ritual sacrifice of Kurtz and the Asian water buffalo. And after those deaths comes the rain in great sheets to fertilize the land.

If I've convinced you that *The Waste Land* lies very close to Coppola's Vietnam, the larger question of "Why" still stands. Movies, blockbuster war movies, don't get made to satisfy the interpretive musings of English teachers. In these days of independent directors, movies to get made

literary modernism in English, Coppola has proclaimed that the dark vision of modernist literature no longer remains the private preserve of bookmen. Now that vision, with its shuddering sense of existence's horror and its fitful and tenuous hints of redemption, stands right out there in the marketplace. You can eat popcorn while you absorb that modernist vision. What

was once whispered in the corners is now shouted from the housesets.

The era that some have proclaimed to be the end of the culture of books has seen them percolating within the minds of our visual myth-makers. In *Apocalypse Now*, the classroom course in Modern Literature comes equipped with wide screen and wrap-around sound.



The following students are members of the Innis College Council for the 1992 / 93 school year:

Angela Dorris
Manavi Handa
Philip Howard
Andy Ling
Martin Loeffler
Chris McEnroe
Aaron Magney
Minesh Mandoda
George Ojambo
Eugene Roberts
Erica Savage
Niki Smith
Natasha Thorpe

A Look Back at Orientation

This past fall's ICSS Orientation Program offered a wide array of activities, designed to make the incoming students' integration into the university community both easy and friendly. The idea behind this year's expanded orientation was to introduce the students to as many diverse and challenging opportunities as possible. In this way, the student may be able to experience and grow accustomed to the unique campus lifestyle. Events such as the Hart House Farm Weekend, and the All Night Film Festival, were two primary examples of social events that allowed students to experience a sampling of this unique campus life, in the company of their senior peers.

With a wealth of new activities and events introduced this year, I believe that the orientation week provided a valuable learning experience for all those involved - including the organisers. But while the entertainment aspect has always been a mainstay, this year's program reflected a shift in emphasis towards providing more information about various academic and social concerns. Academic subjects such as Environmental, Urban, and Cinema Studies as well as topical social issues, such as alcohol and sexual awareness, were just a few of the important issues addressed during the now traditional Information Sessions.

In the end, the ultimate goal of any orientation program is to introduce the students to a new community where they are free to explore the possibilities of a higher education. The physical experience lasted ten days, but the memories will certainly last a lifetime. My thanks to all those who helped make the innovative program a reality, and a success. Onward to next year's Orientation. •

Sandy Oh
President, ICSS

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STAR WARS Fan Club P.O. Box 2202 Dept. SH San Rafael, CA 94912 U.S.A.	Address _____	City _____ State _____
Country _____ Zip / Postal Code _____		

Please do not send cash. Allow 4-8 weeks for delivery of membership kit. (BANTHA TRACKS is published during February, May, August and November) Satisfaction guaranteed

What's happening at

Innis

by Melissa Scarff

Many exciting and interesting things are taking place at Innis this year. Everyone is welcome to attend all activities, regardless of whether they belong to Innis College or not. Some things to watch out for are: Trips to pubs which will occur every other month and will have various themes. Many bands will be playing at the Innis Pub. An excursion to a hockey game will also be taking place this winter. One night some students will be going to Yuk Yuk's or Second City for some Comedic entertainment. Various film nights will also be held throughout the year. For those of you who enjoy theater at its best, you might want to come out on nights when students will be seeing plays performed by the Drama Club at U of T; which is inexpensive and a great way to show support for your school. During reading week there will be a visit to the Hart House Farm where many activities will be held. All Frosh are encouraged to attend. Another event to watch out for is a charity carnival at Innis which will take place in March or April. Finally, a special time to get together with close friends will occur in March at the annual Inn-formal. To find out exact dates for these events keep checking the I.C.S.S. bulletin board. For more information you can call the I.C.S.S. office at (416) 978-7368. •

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INNIS MATH/STATS TUTORING CENTRE

Remedial, 1st and 2nd year Calculus, Linear Algebra Introductory Stats (Applied and Math), Some Computer Science (ask).

Weekdays, 9:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m.
By Appointment - sign up sheet outside Room 313,
Innis College or call Pat McDonell at 978-8571

Innis Film Society



Join!



Subscription Memberships: \$35
(Free admission to all IFS screenings)

General Memberships: \$5
(\$2 admission to all IFS screenings)

Memberships are good from September 1992 to May 1993

venues

Innis town hall: 2 spadina ave.
cinecycle: 317 spadina ave. (enter from ellice east of spadina, south of baldwin)
ryerson polytechnical institute, photo arts building, room 307, 122 bond st., northeast of yonge and dundas